U.S. Communism: Its Secret Business Empire

THE GREAT HOOVER DEBATE

The Reporter

January 23, 1951

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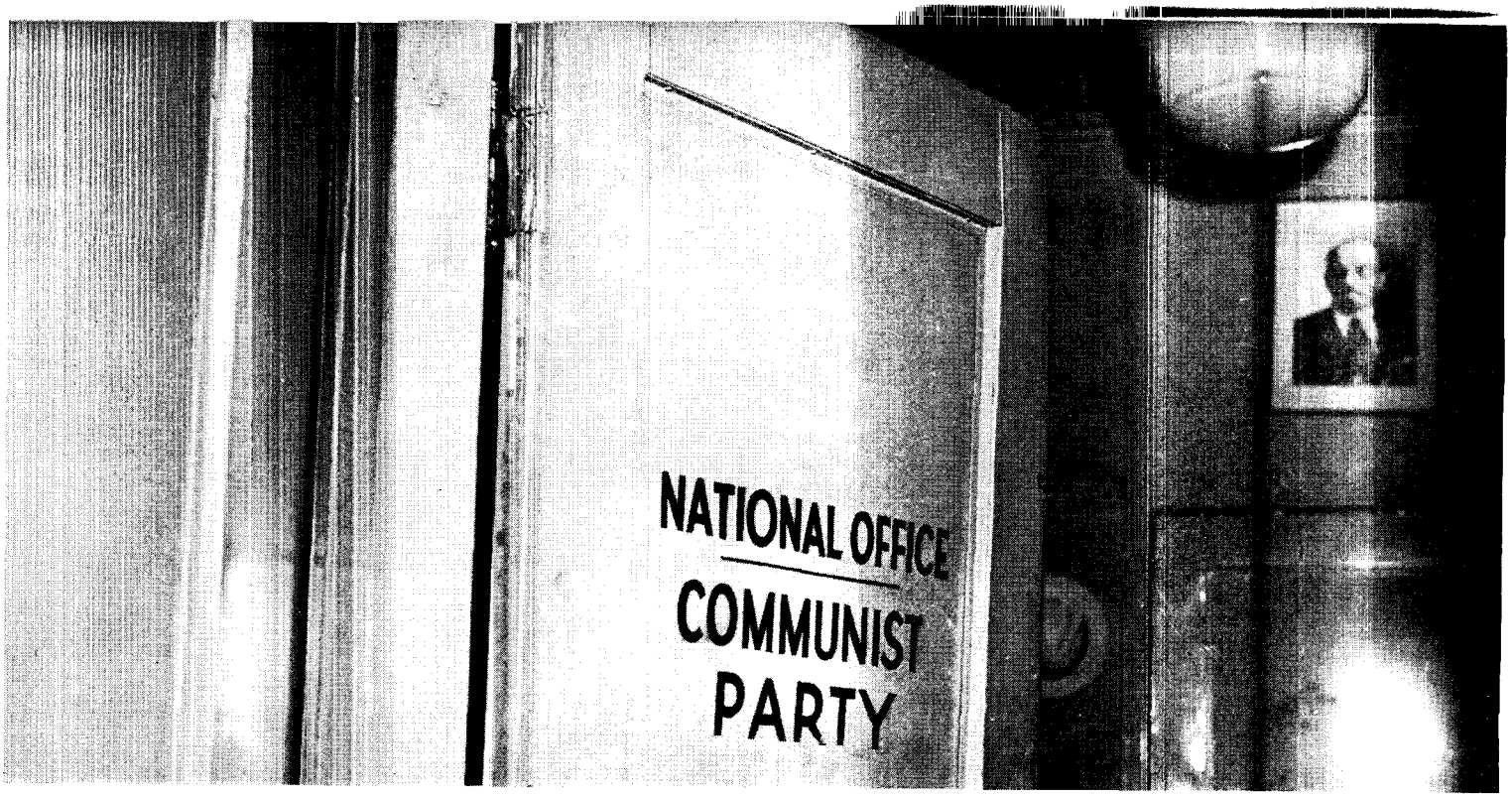

Communist headquarters on 12th Street, New York: the entrance and a section of the files

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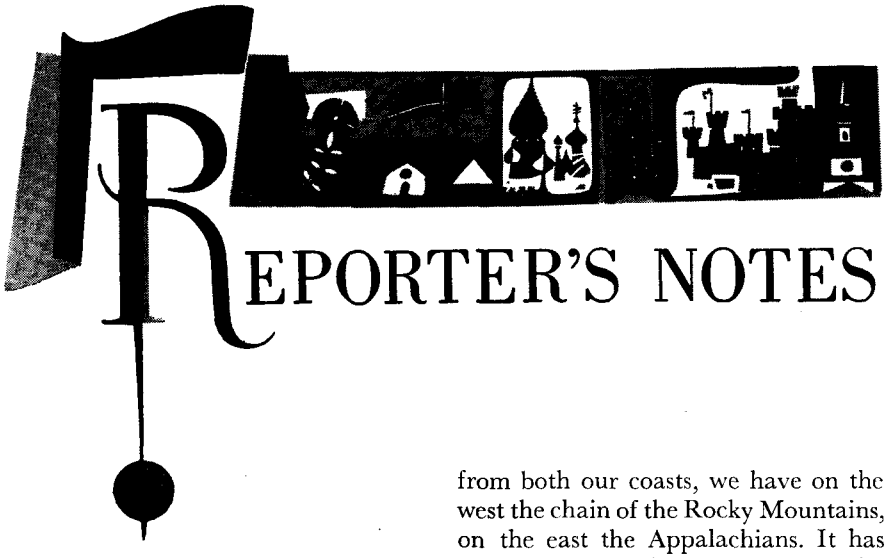

Heard in a Nightmare

"Fellow Americans:

"There is no point in repeating what every man and woman in the country, on one side or the other of the battle-fronts, knows only too well. What we expected has come: The final struggle between Soviet totalitarianism and freedom is now raging on our soil.

"Now, where do we go from here? Let's first of all be realistic and take stock of what has happened. The last remnants of the Truman Doctrine—the belief that we could contain the Communist hordes all along our enormous two-ocean coastline, our confidence that we could counterattack at any point the enemy selected—all these pernicious fallacies have been completely exposed.

"Let's admit that our nation, since 1787, has become dangerously overexpanded. Lately we have overcommitted our military resources; we have tried to defend too vast and too exposed a territory. We were well advised when we were told that our country is an island, but we forgot that our island is of continental proportions. We had no more chance of defending the whole of this oceanic continent than we had of blocking the Atlantic and Pacific sea lanes that lead to our shores.

"But we are not defeated and nowhere near being defeated, provided only we are wise enough to recognize the limitations of our strength and to take full advantage of the barriers that nature herself has built on our continent.

"Against the onslaught now rolling from both our coasts, we have on the west the chain of the Rocky Mountains, on the east the Appalachians. It has been horrible to have to abandon the rich and populous territories lying between both of these mountain ranges and the seas.

"But actually—let's not fall into defeatism—this is not a withdrawal. This is the surest way of engaging the enemy in a struggle he is bound to lose. For the people of both the East and West Coasts will put Communist tyranny to a test it never had to face when it conquered the soft nations of Asia and Europe.

"It has been well said that the more people under the Communist yoke, the greater the chances of revolt. Some commentators, we must admit, doubt that the huge masses of many racial origins, crowded into such metropolitan cities as New York or Boston or San Francisco, have the strength or the will to resist. Let's not listen to these counsels of despair. Let's tell those of our people who are under the enemy's tyranny that this is their chance to prove they are red-blooded Americans—the kind of men and women whose stamina will ultimately break the Communist shackles.

"On this moral bulwark, as well as on our two chains of mountains, we can safely rely. But if the enemy crosses these mountains and exposes himself to certain doom by ruling an even larger number of Americans, we shall still remain the Gibraltar of western civilization.

"Gibraltar is the right symbol for the stand we are about to make. We are something better than the heartland of western civilization, than the arsenal of democracy. We are a rock. Our Gibraltar may be found somewhere among the high peaks of the Rocky Mountains. There, waiting for our inevitable liberation, we will enshrine what used to be called the American dream and our belief in a balanced budget.

"Ladies and gentlemen: The national anthem."

We woke up shivering. The first thought that came to our mind was that Eisenhower was on his way to Europe. Then we thought of John Foster Dulles's admirable speech on the foreign policy of the nation. It was just a nightmare, after all.

One Month of *Pravda*

As an experiment, we assigned a researcher to read from beginning to end every issue of *Pravda* for the month of October, 1950. We hoped to get some data on what the Russian people are told about us. It nearly cost us the researcher who did the job. The poor creature almost lost her mind reading reams about American "imperialistic aggressors," "warmongers," "monopolists," "Wall Street tools," "man-eaters," "trans-oceanic gangsters," and so on, ad infinitum. We also learned that Senators Russell from Georgia, Long from Louisiana, Stennis from Mississippi, and Johnston from South Carolina were "base protagonists of bloodshed in foreign fields." To our surprise, we learned of a Senator Lodge—from Texas, of all places—who said, "we will destroy bridges . . . factories in Belgium and France . . . we will destroy everything."

The only important revelation was that the Institute of Pacific Relations (Senator McCarthy, take note) "is supported with Rockefeller and Carnegie funds and other large American entrepreneurs interested in the exploitation of the natural resources of Asiatic nations." William Holland, General Secretary of the Institute, it is said, suggested that the reactionary rulers of Asia use religion in the fight against Communist influence, and called attention to the need for efficient administrators or, as *Pravda* puts it, "American counselors."

After having gone through the report of our unhappy researcher, we happened to read a New York tabloid. We felt like writing a fan letter to the editor.

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Correspondence

Hersey Heresy

To the Editor: Allow me to express my surprise at the treatment received by John Hersey in Mr. Howe's article, "The Novel in Mid-Century," in the December 26, 1950, issue of *The Reporter*.

Though conceding that *The Wall* "has something of that concern with the human interior and with moral complexity which should be the novelist's business," Howe thinks it lacks "the creative artist's individual accent. . . . it seems to be written," he says, "by a modern man of good will—sincere, conscience-stricken, but not very philosophical in inclination." Thereupon he concludes without hesitation that "Hersey the journalist has yet to take his biggest risk—becoming a novelist."

My dissent from Howe's views is complete, violent, and enthusiastic. I think that, far from being a chronicle, *The Wall* is an epic; that it does not merely report, but creates; that it always stops short of realism to achieve truth; that it is written with insight, and skill, and compassion; that it is, in short, a work of art. I think that labeling Hersey as "a man of good will," an appellative we patronizingly grant our dullest and less successful friends, is ridiculous; and that deciding he hasn't quite made the grade as a novelist is preposterous.

It is most certainly Howe's privilege to think *The Wall* a mediocre book, as it is mine to find it a great one. It is definitely not in his power to decide if John Hersey has or has not become a novelist. We, the readers, have irrevocably passed judgment on the matter long before him.

CARLA PEKELIS
Larchmont, New York

The French Press

To the Editor: I regularly read *The Reporter* with the greatest interest, even when I do not agree with all you say. I am happy for this opportunity to thank you for your efforts at objectivity, and for being interested in European and French affairs.

In your November 7 issue, Theodore H. White wrote a study of the French press. He should have entitled it "The Parisian Press," for he speaks only of the journals of Paris and himself says that they represent only a third of the French press today.

White says that the French people have chosen journals of information, rather than opinion. I think so. But he should not say that *L'Aurore* is a journal of information. Perhaps it seems to be one; but in fact, this newspaper mirrors the opinion of the politically unorganized classes—the middle classes which are in the opposition. *L'Aurore* expresses this opposition daily, this systematic and even unjust (because systematic) opposition to the Government. If the Government changed tomorrow *L'Aurore* would change, too, to remain the journal of the perpetually dissatisfied.

As to the small influence of the French press of the liberation on public opinion, I would add this to White's notes: I do not think that this situation indicates a weakness. White writes truly that French readers demand from their press a greater seriousness than before the war. In a democracy, objective information and serious citizens are more important than the variety of opinions expressed through the daily newspapers. The lack of political influence of editorials does not warrant the conclusion that the French are indifferent. We prefer unadorned information to clever and specious interpretations. We prefer to make up our own minds rather than to receive ready-made political opinions.

White ends on the "cynical popular apathy summed up in the endlessly repeated *je m'en fous*." This is neither kind nor just. Such declarations are apt to develop unfounded prejudices among U.S. readers. White is naive if he takes the "endlessly repeated *je m'en fous*" of the average Frenchman at face value, or even the decline of press circulation. The point is that no opinion—press opinion, or the political parties' opinion (either Right, Left, or Center), or even Government opinion—represents exactly and expresses completely what the French people think.

One can no more expect any great enterprise from the French nation. This idea, too common in the United States, and which seems to be White's unwritten conclusion, should be fought as often as possible.

A. L. ROSTAGNAT
Pontoise, France

A Sergeant Speaks

To the Editor: I wish to compliment you on Beverley Bowie's "What Makes G.I.'s Fight?" (issue of October 24, 1950).

It is high time, I think, that we became seriously concerned with the appropriations that Congress is making for military purposes. The sums are astronomical, and I venture to say that most people have no idea as to how they are used. Who, for example, knew that $4.5 million and an unspecified number of man-hours were going for an I. & E. program? Is the money being efficiently used, and are the men actually needed for vital jobs?

I believe you will find that the matter will reward investigating—from the bottom up rather than from the top down. It seems foolish to be wasting men and money on such programs as I. & E. when men are dying in Korea. It would be equally foolish to have men who are physically fit doing clerical, typing, and administrative work which could be done just as well by the physically unfit.

At any rate such articles as Bowie's are a step in the right direction.

If you see fit to publish this letter, please do not use my name.

A SERGEANT
U. S. Army

Contributors

Nathaniel Weyl is the author of *Treason; the Story of Disloyalty and Betrayal in American History*. . . . Philip M. Stern assists Congressman Henry Jackson of Washington. . . . Melvin S. Wax is on the staff of the *Eagle* of Claremont, New Hampshire. . . . H. A. DeWeerd, professor of history at the University of Missouri, wrote *Great Soldiers of the Two World Wars*. . . . Theodore H. White is a correspondent of the Overseas News Agency in Paris. . . . Hessell Tiltman reports to the London *Herald* from Tokyo. . . . Alain Clément covers the German political scene for several European newspapers. . . . Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber writes for *Le Monde*. . . . Donald Hall has written several novels, the latest of which is *The Sanctuary*. . . . Naomi Barko is a free-lance writer who has contributed previously to *The Reporter*. . . . Archie Robertson wrote *That Old-Time Religion*. . . . Cover by John McDermott; photographs from Wide World; drawings inside back cover by Robert Bruce.

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

January 23, 1951 Volume 4, No. 2

The Shadow of Communism in America

		Page
The Great Hoover Debate—An Editorial	*Max Ascoli*	4
U. S. Communism: Its Secret Business Empire	*Claire Neikind*	5
The Art of Spy-Catching	*Nathaniel Weyl*	9
The McCarran Act and the Voters	*Philip M. Stern*	11
The Red Tide Reaches Vermont's White River Valley	*Melvin S. Wax*	13

At Home & Abroad

China's True Foes: Myths and Meddlers — *Theodore H. White* — 15
Stalin's Far Eastern policy has been clumsier than ours

Japan: Greater East Asia No-Prosperity Sphere — *Hessell Tiltman* — 21
The Korean War has made the U.S. more generous, economic problems more pressing

MacArthur in World War II: Speed, Surprise, Optimism
The evolution of a great military reputation — *H. A. DeWeerd* — 25

Mr. Wilson Goes to Washington — *Llewellyn White* — 28
A tough man tackles some tough problems

On Wilson's Agenda — *Hans Landsberg* — 30
The machinery of inflation may be stronger than any administrator

Muddy Politics in Europe — *J.-J. Servan Schreiber & Alain Clément* — 31
New tactics for French Reds and Gaullists; old disillusion in Germany

Britain: Land, War, and the Labour Government — *Donald Hall* — 33
The ups and downs of British agriculture

Cupid and Capital — *Naomi Barko* — 35
Clara Lane's fabulously prosperous Friendship Centers

Views & Reviews

Hill-Country Editor — *Archie Robertson* — 38
A unique North Georgia mountain weekly

TV, TV, Burning Bright — *Robert K. Bingham* — 40
A look at color television

Editor & Publisher: Max Ascoli; *Assistant Editor:* Philip Horton; *Managing Editor:* Robert S. Gerdy; *National Affairs Editor:* Llewellyn White; *Copy Editors:* Al Newman, William Knapp; *Art Editor:* Reg Massie; *Staff Writers:* Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater, Richard A. Donovan, Claire Neikind, Gouverneur Paulding.

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Editorial

The Great Hoover Debate

The President has been fortunate enough to find in Charles Wilson a man who can skillfully manage the productive resources of the nation. But there is no Charles Wilson to manage the nervous resources of the nation—steady its emotions and soothe its fears.

There have been many signs, these last few years, of disordered imagination and unbridled emotionalism in very large sections of the American public. As fears and hatreds spread, they begin to appear like irrepressible forces of nature, no matter how deliberately certain professionals have been fanning them. So it happened that the trial for perjury of a former government employee could be used to throw wholesale suspicion on the loyalty of countless other government employees. More recently, our retreat in Korea could lead some Americans to advocate retreat from every point on the globe outside this hemisphere. In each case, a single unfortunate event set off a reckless generalization.

We may some day have all the aircraft carriers and all the tanks that the Defense Department may demand; but they will be as useless as junk if panic and unreason are continuously let loose by speeches like the ones that Mr. Hoover and Mr. Kennedy recently delivered.

Yet these speeches have opened what many newspapers call a Great, or wide, Debate. This is the kind of debate that Mr. Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* says is "desirable" precisely because, as long as it is kept going, it will make the President hesitate to use the power that the Constitution and Congress have given him.

What Mr. Hoover and Mr. Kennedy say is: Let's concede the Third World War to the enemy, and wait for the Fourth on our own soil. They are not appeasers, for they do not think we can have peace with Communism; they are not neutralists, for neutrality too implies a certain trust in the belligerents. They are not isolationists, as they rightly claim, for they know we will not be left isolated for long. To the shifting blend of peace and war that the enemy keeps concocting, they respond "No peace—and no war, until you bring it here."

They are against foreign policy, any kind of foreign policy, diplomatic as well as military. As a substitute, they propose diplomatic nihilism. They are ready to grant Stalin the same freedom to start his new conquests that Stalin himself gave Hitler when the Soviet-Nazi pact was signed. As advanced air and sea bases, Mr. Hoover says, we might use a few islands, like Britain "if she wishes to co-operate" and three others—Japan, Formosa, and the Philippines—whose wish to co-operate doesn't seem to be required.

Compared to this nihilistic policy of no policy, no peace, no war, no entanglements, no alliances, Chamberlain's appeasement of Hitler at Munich appears as the height of statesmanship. At Munich, Chamberlain played the game of peacemaking, which is the primary duty of a statesman. He took a chance, and lost. After his attempt failed, there could be nothing but war. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Kennedy call for some rearming on our part, but they hope that war may be avoided if the enemy is seized by indigestion after gobbling up all the countries that now are our allies. As Mr. Kennedy puts it, "the more people that are under its [Communism's] yoke, the greater are the possibilities of revolt."

This is not even pacifism. It is defeatism run riot. Mr. Hoover insists that the United Nations take stern action against China—obviously not war, for Mr. Hoover won't hear of war in Asia, but rather something he calls "great pressure for rectitude." He urges our allies in Europe to arm with their own means and run their own risk of war. If by any chance they survive, if they display "spirit and strength in defense against Communism," we may send them some help. "We can continue aid to the hungry of the world." Obviously Mr. Hoover's program of foreign assistance doesn't go much further than the setting up of soup kitchens for hungry anti-Communists.

The two speeches that started the wide debate have aroused great emotion in the nation, the newspapers say. This kind of thinking plays on the public's confusion—and confounds it. If this is a debate, it is like the one that Hamlet carried on in his agonized monologue. No great nation that leads a threatened coalition of nations can ask itself whether to be or not to be.

We are threatened by international Communism—a world-wide power that is determined to conquer, through military or civil war, every country in the world, including the United States. In the United States, the enemy does not need a particularly large Communist Party, for some of the work in his behalf is done by thoroughly respectable, and undoubtedly anti-Communist, fuzzy-minded Americans. On the spreading of that fuzziness the Communist leaders can pin their hopes. If it goes on far enough and long enough, the day may come when their puny, largely underground American party can make its bid for power.

The article beginning on the opposite page is about what American Communism is doing while it waits for that day. Fortunately, in our global fight against Communism, the internal front is manned by thoroughly competent Federal authorities. We are journalists, not prosecutors. Before publishing our article, we offered these authorities the material on which it is based.

—Max Ascoli

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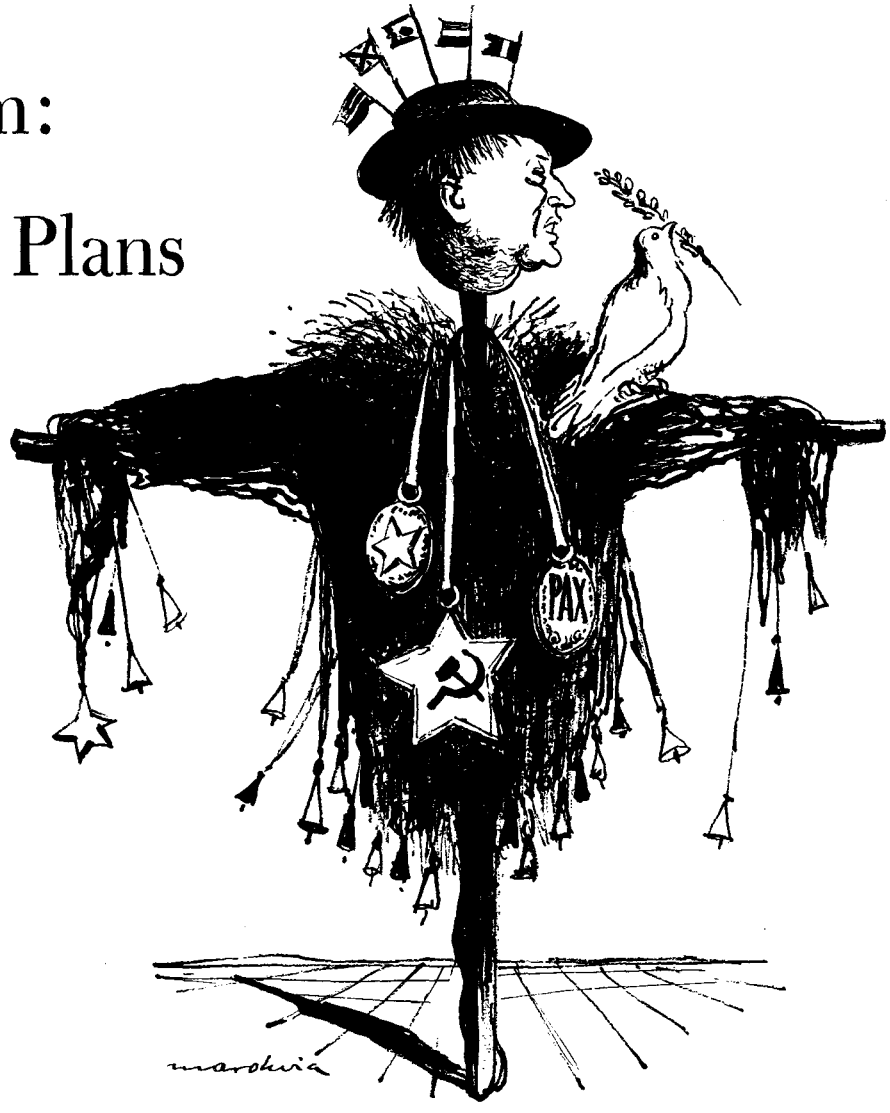
U.S. Communism: Its Underground Plans and Its Secret Business Empire



In spite of the McCarran Act, the Smith Act, the FBI, and our whole array of anti-Communist laws and agencies, the Politburo of the American Communist Party is confident that it can survive. Tiny and feeble as the party is, the Politburo counts on coming to power—not by popular acceptance, but by a military victory of the Soviet armies. Until that time, it counts on keeping alive and solvent through a secret and elaborate structure of capitalist enterprise run by a mysterious stateless person who for various reasons cannot be touched by the law. All the ostensible aims of the party—its political program, its propaganda, its recruiting drives, its front organizations—have become subordinate as far as the Politburo is concerned.

At this stage of history—to use the Marxist phrase—the party has three objectives: influence over public opinion and government policy; sabotage and espionage; and maintenance of a bureaucracy ready to take over the machinery of state when the Red Army comes, or the Red Air Force has pulverized the country. Like the public at large, many rank-and-file party members believe that the first is the most important. To the Politburo, however, it is the least.

Over the past three years, the party has been cutting public meetings, mass activities, and propaganda efforts to the bone. As far as most members know, this has been an involuntary sacrifice—the price of "going underground" in the face of the law. It has been partly that, but partly a deliberate policy by which the Politburo has taken advantage of the party's panic to make itself more secure.

To understand this strategy, it is helpful to have a clear picture of the American party's chain of command. Basic policy, of course, is set in the Kremlin. It is then applied here, under the following table of organization: At the top is a Russian agent, with no official party position, but the highest authority. He is responsible, first, for directing the work of an estimated 3,500 Russian agents operating in the United States; and, second, for the party's activity on all three fronts. The existence of a top Russian here is known to the writer; his identity is not.

Beneath him is the National Board, or Politburo, with thirteen members, whose chairman is William Z. Foster. It, too, has over-all responsibilities, although it is not always in the Russian agent's confidence in matters concerning sabotage and espionage. Its principal function is to make the daily tactical decisions for both the open and secret work of the party.

For political activities alone, there is a National Committee, much larger than the Politburo and not so rigidly bound to secrecy. Most of its members know only what the Politburo chooses to tell them, which is little; of the activities of the Russian agent they know practically nothing. In 1948, after the indictment of the party's top leaders, this committee was officially dissolved to make additional indict-

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ments more difficult, but its members still attend "enlarged" Politburo meetings—though only when open political work is discussed.

The party was first told that it would have to start going underground at a meeting of the National Committee in June, 1947. Foster, as Politburo chief, delivered the order. He had just returned from Europe, where he had seen Maurice Thorez in France, Palmiro Togliatti in Italy, and Georgi Dimitrov in Bulgaria. All three were taking a soft line, collaborating with other political parties, on the assumption that there would be peace in Europe. After talking to Soviet leaders, Foster was convinced that war was inevitable (and the Soviet Union would win it) and that the world Communist movement would soon switch to a hard revolutionary line. (Apparently he read the Kremlin's intentions correctly; Dimitrov soon was taken to Russia, where he died, and both Togliatti and Thorez have recently been sent there for "convalescence and medical care.")

Foster's report dealt only with the party's surface activities. He said there would be war, and the party would be outlawed. He then gave a blackboard demonstration of how it would go underground; cells cut to no more than five members; no cell in contact with another; no public meetings; all county, state, and national committees drastically reduced; no membership cards or dues receipts; the use of couriers instead of telephones or the mails; repeated security checks of new and old members.

By proclaiming an official state of emergency, Foster automatically consolidated his own position over both the rank and file and the higher echelons. He gave himself power to cut the size and change the composition of the National Board and Committee as he pleased. This was an adroit move, for since Earl Browder, his predecessor, had been deposed two years before, the top command had been divided. On one side were those who supported a modified version of Browder's policy, emphasizing respectable activity and coalition with non-Communists. This was characterized by the extremists of the party as "excessive class-collaboration" and "reformism." The "reformists" included Eugene Dennis, John Williamson, Gil Green, and Jacob Stachel. On the other, more militant side, were Foster, Ben Davis, and Robert Thompson. By sacking or threatening to sack the "reformists," Foster was able to assure control for himself and his inner cabinet.

After blueprinting the underground machinery, Foster proposed the creation of two front organizations, which could be kept safely under party control and yet might remain legal for some time. One was the Progressive Party. (Henry Wallace, who almost certainly did not know of this decision, announced the formation of that party six months later.) The other was a third big labor federation. Communist-led unions were ordered to exasperate the CIO into expelling them so that they would have to form their own group.

Although Foster didn't say so, it was implicit that as it went underground the party would have to give up more and more of its "mass work." This would relieve the Politburo of the crushing burdens involved in directing, financing, and "educating" party members for mass propaganda; the time, effort, and money were to be spent elsewhere.

By the fall of 1948, the party had begun its systematic submersion. A national network of "Peace Councils," on which half a million dollars had already been spent, was dropped at once. After the Presidential election, the Progressive Party, which had been launched with great fervor, was allowed just to drift along.

Today, both the Progressive Party and the labor-federation project are kept barely alive to provide a shell of legality. Without Wallace or O. John Rogge, the Progressive Party hardly presents a respectable front. But it is not on the Attorney General's subversive list, nor has it been asked to register with the Subversive Activities Control Board. It is likely to remain a legal party for quite a while, even though it is completely in the Communists' hands. Nine Communist-led unions met recently in Washington to plan the new federation, but their future seems somewhat shaky. Several leaders are either under deportation orders or have been indicted for contempt of Congress; only a few are still not entangled with the law.

The party has, of course, paid a heavy price for abandoning so much mass activity. A recent resolution in the National Committee warned against the "liquidationist" tendencies that are gaining ground, citing low dues payments and an "impermissible low sale of literature." Apparently the active membership has dropped even lower than the 55,000 announced by J. Edgar Hoover last spring. The loss is evidently disturbing, although not as disturbing to the Politburo as it might seem to the more ingenuous National Committee. The members who have quit were obviously unreliable; those who remain can probably stand anything. Many of them were still bold enough last fall to enter the *Daily Worker's* "Pick 'Em Derby" football pool, "not for the money prizes," as the *Worker* explained, "but just for the fun of getting their names in the paper."

Whatever the setbacks for the party as a whole, however, the Politburo has preserved one operation that is crucial to its own preservation: Its financial empire is intact. If the day ever comes when Communists and sympathizers here are neither rich nor numerous enough to support the bureaucracy, it has a carefully contrived pyramid of capitalist enterprise that enables it to live, like the Red Army, off the land.

The Business Empire

One man, notably missing from the official hierarchy, and seldom mentioned in reports of Communist subversion, runs the party's business empire single-handed.

His name is Robert William Weiner. He was born in Russia as Welwel Warszower, and entered this country in 1914. Until 1938, his role in the party was modest—for a while he was a "supervisor of its bookkeeping department"—but he made frequent trips abroad with Earl Browder. In 1938, he became the Party Financial Secretary. In 1940, he was convicted, along with Browder, for use of a fraudulent passport. But he had a bad heart condition, and was not put in jail for fear he might die there. Following his conviction, he was officially cut off from party membership rolls as an alien; then he dropped out of sight.

For a man with no official status,

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Weiner has an extraordinary degree of authority. Party functionaries universally recognize him as a man of power—none of them has been known to cross him—but he is one of the shadowy figures who come and go to headquarters and about whom no questions are asked. He rarely shows up at the interminable inner-party sessions—a privilege which most functionaries dare not to claim. He lives well; he has an unostentatious home in Far Rockaway and a poorly paid job in the New Century Publishers, Incorporated, which publishes party literature, but he wears Brooks Brothers suits, smokes dollar cigars, takes frequent vacations in Florida, and dines at first-rate restaurants. His habits, like his talents, are those of a great financier.

There is no way of estimating how much money Weiner has acquired. He has covered his tracks so well that, short of a thorough Federal investigation, it is possible only to collect scattered clues to his operations.

Weiner's money-making techniques are borrowed from the free-enterprise system that the party despises. He has set up a group of regular commercial enterprises, mostly in the Northeastern states. As far as is known, these have included a doll factory, a sponge company, a shoulder-pad factory and a paint factory, a tool-and-die plant, a string of export-import houses dealing in such items as wrist watches and jewelry, real-estate agencies, stationery and supply stores (including a large one in New York), lithographers, a steel-processing plant, printers, a record company, a national string of bookshops, and night clubs. Many of them are small; one of the largest was a machine shop with three hundred employees, which thrived on war contracts in the Second World War. Often they stay in business briefly, and then reorganize under another name.

In addition, there is a string of summer camps (estimated at thirty-seven) in upper New York State, Pennsylvania, New England, and California, which are either financed by Weiner or guaranteed a full house in exchange for a cut of the profits.

Wide World

Robert William Weiner

Many of these enterprises are pure business undertakings, run by non-Communists who receive investment funds from party agents disguised as ordinary businessmen. Others are run by party members for whom there is no immediate place in the hierarchy, but whom Weiner keeps available for future party leadership. Some businesses are set up by Weiner money; others are existing concerns in which he invests through go-betweens.

The investment is never made by Weiner himself. He uses a string of lawyers, who set up dummy or real corporations, and at least two firms of certified public accountants, which handle the funds of the party's biggest financial angels. These firms turn the profits over to Weiner; and, in the event that they try to evade this duty, Weiner has his own agents, usually secretaries and assistants, to make sure he gets what is coming to him.

He also uses the C.P.A. firms to milk the Communist-led unions. By having the party order them to get their auditing done by his accountants, he frequently turns up evidence of financial irregularities. He uses this to blackmail union leaders when they balk against being bled for continual contributions. The C.P.A.'s also provide excellent cover-up on the not infrequent occasions when union funds are diverted to party purposes, without knowledge of the membership.

Weiner's original capital comes from the angels—a group of at least nine millionaire party sympathizers, some prominent in banking and business, others the scions of inherited wealth. They turn their money over to the party for undesignated purposes, and the party turns it over to Weiner for investment. In other cases the angels are directed to entrust their money directly to one of Weiner's accountants or lawyers. Sometimes the money is a contribution, sometimes a loan. Sometimes the donations come in the form of jewelry to be "pawned"; the pawn tickets are then "lost."

Weiner's financial empire is wholly independent; he seems to be accountable to no one here for his operations, not excluding the Politburo. As far as can be determined, he alone decides who will get how much money, and for what purposes. He does not seem very interested in the party's mass-political

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activities; on rare occasions, representatives of special party projects appeal to him for emergency allocations, and once in a while he provides them. On the whole, however, he seems to be absorbed elsewhere.

There is no direct evidence that he finances the party's espionage and sabotage activities. Aside from highly restricted information in the hands of the FBI, very little is publicly known about this work. The Politburo itself is frequently unaware which party members and agents are being used, and where. It is generally known that both the American and Canadian parties conducted widespread espionage work for Russia during the last war.

Some of the money to finance these operations comes from Russia. The rest is provided from local sources, and is sometimes used to hire available mercenaries. Whether this is done with Weiner money or not, the writer is unable to say.

What is more certain is that Weiner's money guarantees maintenance to at least eight hundred party functionaries—the paid bureaucracy—and to an unknown number of standbys ready to pinch-hit when needed. He actually appoints few of these men; that is a Politburo chore. But by the power of the purse, he frequently decides the fate of particular party sections or projects. He has a sort of flying squad of his own, either on a union or commercial payroll, which can provide temporary substitutes whenever it is required to.

Weiner's financial system is the principal reason for the Politburo's faith in its future. His methods are difficult to trace, and almost impossible to defeat: The government can't stop a perfectly honest businessman from turning an honest dollar. He was ordered deported last May, but according to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the order is not likely ever to be executed. His native country, the Soviet Union, refuses to accept deportees, and France, the nation from which he last sailed for America, has also refused to take him. Moreover, he cannot be interned, since Immigration Service physicians have said that because of his heart condition he would die if jailed.

As long as the American Politburo is prepared to wait faithfully for the Red armies to conquer the United States, therefore, it can be sure of a roof over its head.

This is not to say that the Politburo has easy sailing ahead. Except for Foster himself, who avoided trial, as Weiner avoids deportation, because of heart trouble, all its members have been sentenced to five years in jail for conspiracy. A number of minor officials are being processed for deportation, and many others are liable to prosecution, either for conspiracy or for refusal to register.

The Politburo is counting on legal delays—and principally, a long wait for crucial Supreme Court decisions—to keep both top- and second-echelon people out of jail. The best solution for them, of course, would be to have the Red Army rescue them before the Supreme Court acts. Since this seems unlikely, a number of them may actually be imprisoned. But a five-year sentence, with good behavior, can be cut to three and a half; it is not execution, after all. While they are gone, if they are gone, there is at least a limited

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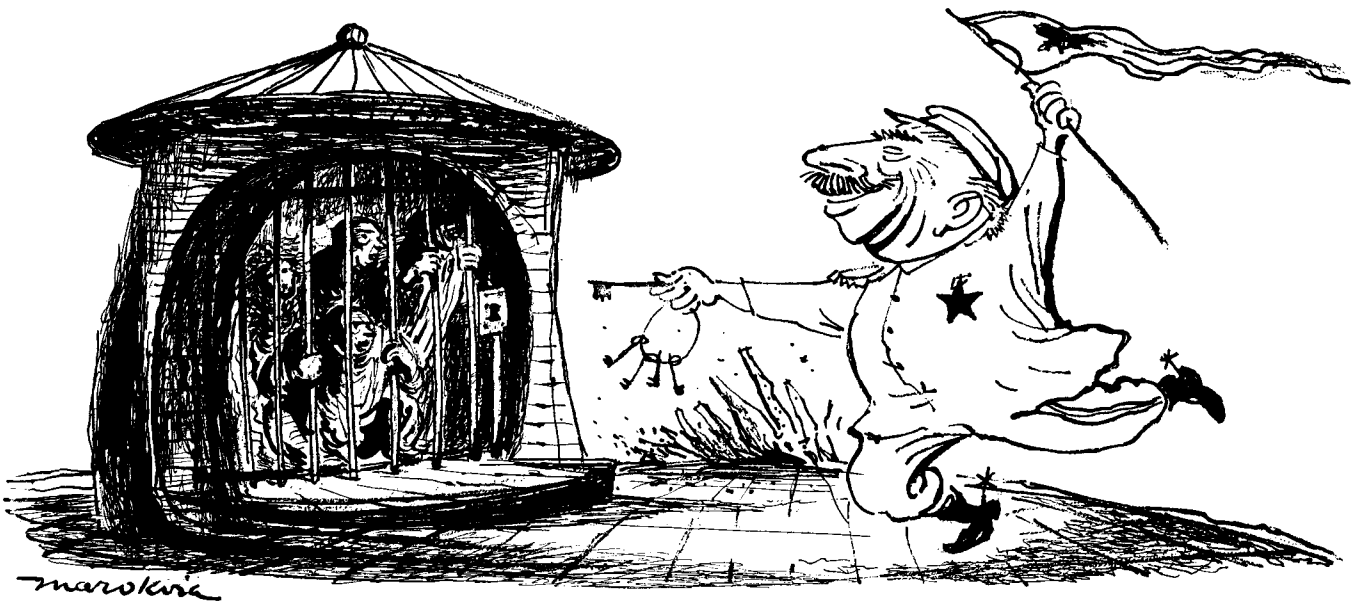

supply of trained personnel, carefully chosen for its limited initiative and unlimited loyalty to Politburo leaders, who can fill in. The executive offices can always find occupants as long as the party treasury is full; and as long as there is a Robert William Weiner, it won't be empty. —CLAIRE NEIKIND

The Art of Spy-Catching

With the development of super-lethal, super-secret weapons, espionage and sabotage may easily decide wars. With its traditions of discipline and conspiracy, the Communist Party provides effective operatives for an intelligence and sabotage organization. The Internal Security Act of 1950—the McCarran Act—is an effort to thwart such activities by striking at the entire party, which is undoubtedly the nursery and training school for many agents.

The McCarran Act places its first reliance on punishing Communists for refusal to register with the Attorney General. Realizing that Communists might refuse to register on the grounds that they cannot, under the Constitution, be forced to incriminate themselves, Congress put this sentence into the law: "Neither the holding of office nor membership in any Communist organization . . . shall constitute per se a violation . . . of this section *or of any other criminal statute.*"

Thus the heart was cut out of the strongest provision in the Smith Act, passed in 1940, which made it unlawful knowingly to "become a member of . . . any society, group, or assembly of persons who teach, advocate, or encourage the overthrow or destruction of any government in the United States by force or violence." Eleven leaders of the Communist Party have been convicted under this law. The case is now before the Supreme Court.

If the Supreme Court upholds the conviction, no one in the party can possibly claim ignorance of its revolutionary objectives and illegal character. Relying on the Smith Act, the Justice Department would have merely to prove, first, that the party had not changed for the better, and, second, that the accused had been a member of the party at any time after the Supreme Court decision.

The McCarran Act, it is true, leaves some of the provisions of the Smith Act intact. Communists can still be prosecuted for specific acts that will further their conspiracy.

The new law orders all persons who have been members of the party or officers of Communist-front organizations at any time since October 22, 1949, to register with the Attorney General. But when the deadline for registration arrived, not one member of the 150-odd organizations on the subversive list had registered.

The procedure for uncovering all of these elusive Communists must start with hearings before the Subversive Activities Control Board, a panel appointed by the President and headed by Seth Richardson. After long hearings, in which the Communist Party will doubtless claim that it is a peace-loving, progressive alliance, the board will probably decide that the Communist Party is a Communist-action organization. The party can then appeal to the courts. If the Supreme Court upholds the board, party members will have sixty days to register. Failure to do so may be punishable by a $10,000 fine and five years' imprisonment for each day of nonregistration after the deadline. Thus anyone signing up a week late could go to prison for thirty-five years.

The punishment imposed is certainly harsh, particularly since the law declares clearly—and not quite consistently—that membership in the party is itself no crime and since the offense is merely refusal to fill in a blank.

A recent unanimous Supreme Court decision has probably torpedoed the registration provisions of the law anyway. The Court ruled that a certain Patricia Blau had every right to be silent concerning her Communist affiliations because her answers "could have furnished a link in the chain of evidence" needed to convict her under the Smith Act. The implication seems to be that individual Communists cannot be forced to register. However, the party

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as a whole probably can be made to do so.

Unless the McCarran Act is patched up, the Justice Department is unlikely to make any effort to force the registration of individual Communists. Congress cannot both have and eat its cake. It cannot force Communists to reveal their membership, unless such membership is not a crime. If it wants them indicted for membership it cannot disregard their constitutional privilege not to incriminate themselves.

In any case, there will probably be a minimum two-year delay before the Supreme Court rules on the various issues of constitutionality. During this period, Communists will be free to agitate and conspire.

If war with the U.S.S.R. should break out within the two-year period of indecision, the registration provisions would probably prove pointless. All known Communists could be promptly interned under Title II of the McCarran Act, and, once they had been rendered harmless, there would not be a great deal of point in prosecuting them.

The new law strengthens the espionage laws by covering acts preparatory to actual spying, provided their intent is to injure the United States, but here the stumbling block will be proving intent. In 1945, certain government officials were arrested for transmitting secret documents to *Amerasia*. But there was no proof that these documents went from *Amerasia* to any foreign agent and, if there had been, there would have been no proof that the officials knew their destination.

A further obstacle is that the Constitution guarantees public trial for any offense. This may mean forcing the

government to produce secret data in court. In a spirit of mischief, some young men once stole photographs of the atomic bomb. They were let off with a nominal sentence. Had the government been hard-boiled or the culprits been true conspirators, their lawyers could have insisted on producing the photographs as evidence.

The next debatable provision of the Internal Security Act calls for the internment of those suspected of intending to commit sabotage or espionage in time of war, invasion of U. S. territory, or armed insurrection.

The standards which the Detention Review Board, which will handle such cases, must consider are Communist Party membership since January 1, 1949; a past record of sabotage or espionage; and training in these activities in schools controlled by Communist organizations or foreign governments. But no individual need necessarily be detained merely because he falls into one of these groups.

The main weakness of this provision is that it does not permit internment of agents who are kept out of the Communist Party because of their usefulness to it. The atomic spy Harry Gold was ordered by his Soviet superior never to read the *Daily Worker* or join the Communist Party.

The internment provisions are also of dubious constitutionality. People are to be imprisoned not because they *have* committed a crime but because they *might*. The law does give the interned the right to appeal for a writ of habeas corpus. This means they can demand to be charged with a crime or set free.

This provision of the McCarran Act is not, however, a peacetime measure. It operates in war, invasion, or revolution. The war powers of the United States government are vast. The boundaries where these powers come into possible conflict with the Bill of Rights are ill defined.

Practically speaking, ever since the days of Chief Justice Taney, the Supreme Court has been reluctant to meddle with wartime military or internal security operations.

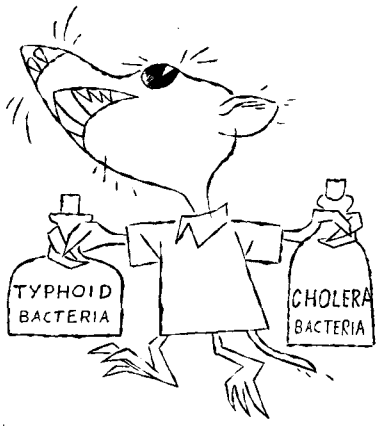
In December, 1944, the Supreme Court by a 6-3 decision upheld the barring of Korematsu, an American citizen, from the Pacific defense area, but the issue of actual preventive *arrest* has never come before the Court. All that can be said is that, even in wartime, it has never been upheld as constitutional.

In the event of war, however, American internal security obviously will require internment of those Communists capable of serving as soldiers in a Soviet fifth column. The detention plan provides this. In wartime, no court is likely to release them.

In the penumbra between war and peace, the Smith Act provided an effective means of prosecuting the more dangerous Communists. The 1950 law partially repeals this, substituting provisions whose constitutionality probably cannot be determined for two years, at the very least.

The frontiers between the conflicting social values of freedom and security change with the degree of jeopardy to the nation. Today the balance is heavily weighted toward security. It remains to be seen whether the McCarran Act will provide that security.

—Nathaniel Weyl



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The McCarran Act And the Voters

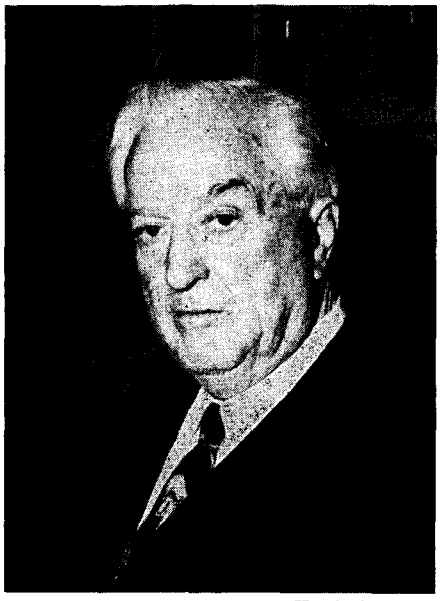
On the afternoon of September 22, 1950, in the cramped, temporary, and noisy quarters of the House of Representatives, forty-eight Congressmen made a decision that seemed fraught with political danger. Speaker Rayburn had put the question: "Will the House, on reconsideration, pass the [McCarran Anti-Subversive] bill, the objections of the President to the contrary notwithstanding?"

There were strong temptations to ignore the President's plea. After all, this was "the" anti-Communist bill, and we were at war with the Communists. With adjournment still hours away, many a political opponent was already on the stump, hitting hard at the "bungling, Communist-coddling Administration" which was causing "mass murder in Korea." Only six weeks remained until Election Day.

When the clerk had finished calling the roll, 286 "Ayes" overshadowed the small group of forty-eight Congressmen who answered "Nay." Eight, among the absent for this vote, joined the minority by "pairing" against the bill. Among the dissenters were fifty-three Democrats, two Republicans, and one American Laborite. The next day they left Washington and stepped into the middle of a campaign in which "softness toward Communism" was to be, in many cases, the only issue.

Six weeks later, only twelve of the fifty-six dissenters found themselves defeated. Even the first-termers, many of them in "marginal districts," had survived. Why hadn't this piece of political dynamite called the McCarran Act exploded in the faces of more of its opponents?

In order to find out, a questionnaire was sent to most of those who had opposed the bill. "How important an issue has 'softness toward Communism' been in your campaign? Were you specifically attacked on your vote against the McCarran bill, and how many of your constituents were aware of that vote? What effect do you think that vote had on the election results? What difference would it have made if you had voted *for* the McCarran bill instead of against it?"



Harris & Ewing

Senator Patrick McCarran

These questions were derived from a campaign which I was able to observe at first hand, as the legislative assistant to Congressman Henry M. Jackson, a liberal young Democrat who has represented Washington State's Second District (north of Seattle) since 1940. Even before the primary, his opponent had charged that in a series of seventeen votes in Congress, dating back to 1942, Jackson had "voted with Joe Stalin's underground group in Congress." After the primary, this attack was taken up full force, with the vote against the McCarran bill added.

Henry Jackson is a man who lives politics seven days a week, twelve months a year. For him, every year is a campaign year, and he makes a careful point of touring his entire district if he is home for as much as two weeks. The result is an extraordinarily wide personal acquaintance throughout the district, and a general feeling of trust in Jackson. These have been the foundations of his political strength, to which his largest "off-year" majority, in 1950, may be primarily attributed. The violence of the personal attack on Jackson's integrity seems actually to have helped him. Only a few of his constituents appeared to know or care how he had voted on the McCarran bill, and only rarely was he asked about it. When questioned, he was usually successful in ridiculing the Communist-registration feature by borrowing President Truman's comparison of "requiring thieves to register with the sheriff."

Judging from his unusually strong showing in a Republican year, Jackson now believes that he lost at most a modicum of votes as a result of his opposition to the McCarran bill, and admits that a vote *for* the bill would have gained him little, since the attack upon his supposedly "left-wing" tendencies began considerably before September 22.

The returned questionnaires brought descriptions of campaigns similar to Jackson's. In most cases, "softness toward Communism" had been, if not the only issue, one of the most prominent. Significantly, in most instances where the McCarran vote was specifically attacked, the experience was identical to Jackson's: Rather than being singled out or highlighted, it was merely tacked on to a long list of previous "pro-Communist" votes. According to their questionnaires, most

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Harris & Ewing

Rep. Henry M. Jackson

Harris & Ewing

Senator Herbert Lehman

believed, unlike Jackson, that a great many of their constituents were well aware of their opposition to the McCarran bill, but thought that they were usually able to satisfy voters with a common-sense explanation of the legislation's defects.

Two questions brought the most revealing answers. To the question, "How do you think the McCarran vote *alone* affected your election results?" the preponderant opinion was that it "made no significant difference." Only one Congressman seemed to regret opposing the McCarran bill—and even he emerged a winner.

Asked what they now believed would have happened in the light of their 1950 campaigns, if they had voted *for* the McCarran bill, the Congressmen with but one exception answered that it "would have made almost no difference," or that they "would have been attacked for 'softness toward Communism' anyway." Not one Congressman now believes that he would actually have gained votes by favoring the McCarran bill.

Only one of the losers considers it possible that the McCarran bill cost him the election—by a scant 1,900 votes. Neither of two defeated Senatorial candidates blames the McCarran bill. John A. Carroll, who lost a comparatively close race to Senator Eugene Millikin in Colorado, told me he may have gained votes by this demonstration of his independence, and attributes his defeat to a resentment against the Korean War—a major world event over which he had no control. In California, Helen Gahagan Douglas's opposition had begun its efforts to label her a radical left-winger and a steady voting companion of Vito Marcantonio long before the McCarran bill was even considered. Her McCarran vote merely became "the 355th time" she had sided with this Congressional scapegoat.

The McCarran bill became a minor issue, "buried under an avalanche of other issues that came much closer to the people," says George Christopher, a first-term Democrat from Butler, Missouri, who lost by only 1,566 votes. Much more important to the average voter than that, says Christopher, was the drop in the November 1 pay check, when the withholding tax was increased, accompanied by the failure of Congress to enact an excess-profits tax, and by warnings from employers, in pay envelopes, that "If the present trend continues, your entire salary might some day be withheld."

Not all of the fifty-six who opposed the McCarran bill on September 22 were steadfast in their disregard of political consequences. In August, when the House passed its milder version of the McCarran bill, sixty-four Congressmen passed between the "tellers" in an off-the-record protest vote against the so-called Wood bill. Yet when the roll was finally called, there were only twenty names on record against the bill. On the long list of "Aye" votes can be found the names of twenty-seven who were later to oppose the McCarran bill—although some of them to whom I have spoken were, by conviction, opposed to the Wood bill. A few, at least, abandoned their convictions temporarily for what seemed at the time pressing political considerations.

One overriding fear, although unconscious, exerts a steady pressure on our Congressmen and Senators—that of being caught up in a gigantic sweep of events, or an irresistible tide of public feeling over which no one has any control. To many Democrats, Senatorial prospects that had seemed bright on June 24 were darkened within seventy-two hours, when Korea was invaded and our troops were sent against the aggressor. The intervention of the Chinese Communists in Korea five days before the election is thought to have dulled the sharp edge of the 1950 Democratic vote. The experienced politician realizes, if only unconsciously, that the determining margin of votes may well be shaped not by what he says or how he votes, but by gigantic forces before which he knows he is impotent.

A veterans' pension bill that would cost the country $125 billion over the next fifty years must have seemed the hottest issue of the session when the House defeated it by a single vote in 1949—since, after all, the veterans' vote was at stake. By Election Day, 1950, it was a forgotten issue, superseded by a dozen others of new-found urgency. No one can tell, when a bill is debated and the roll is called, whether this is to be a veterans' bill—forgotten in the next campaign—or a McCarran bill, a live issue.

If there is any answer to the politician's dilemma, perhaps Minnesota's Representative John Blatnik has found it: "My experience during the 1950 campaign relative to the McCarran bill issue indicates that the only way to cope with the opposition on the basic issues is (1) to meet the issues squarely; (2) to take the offensive instead of apologizing; and (3) to explain to the people why you have acted as you have done."

—Philip M. Stern

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The Red Tide Reaches Vermont's White River Valley

For nearly half of her forty years, Mrs. Lucille Miller, the plump wife of a former town selectman, has been warning her neighbors in and around Bethel, Vermont, that they are harboring in their midst a dangerous Communist cell which is growing all the time. The nearby village of Randolph Center is "crawling with Reds," she has been saying. "Every time you kick over a stone, you see a Communist."

Her neighbors have been slow to take heed. "Vermonters just want to stay out of trouble," is Mrs. Miller's explanation, "and so they let these people get away with anything. It won't be so funny when Red tanks come down Main Street."

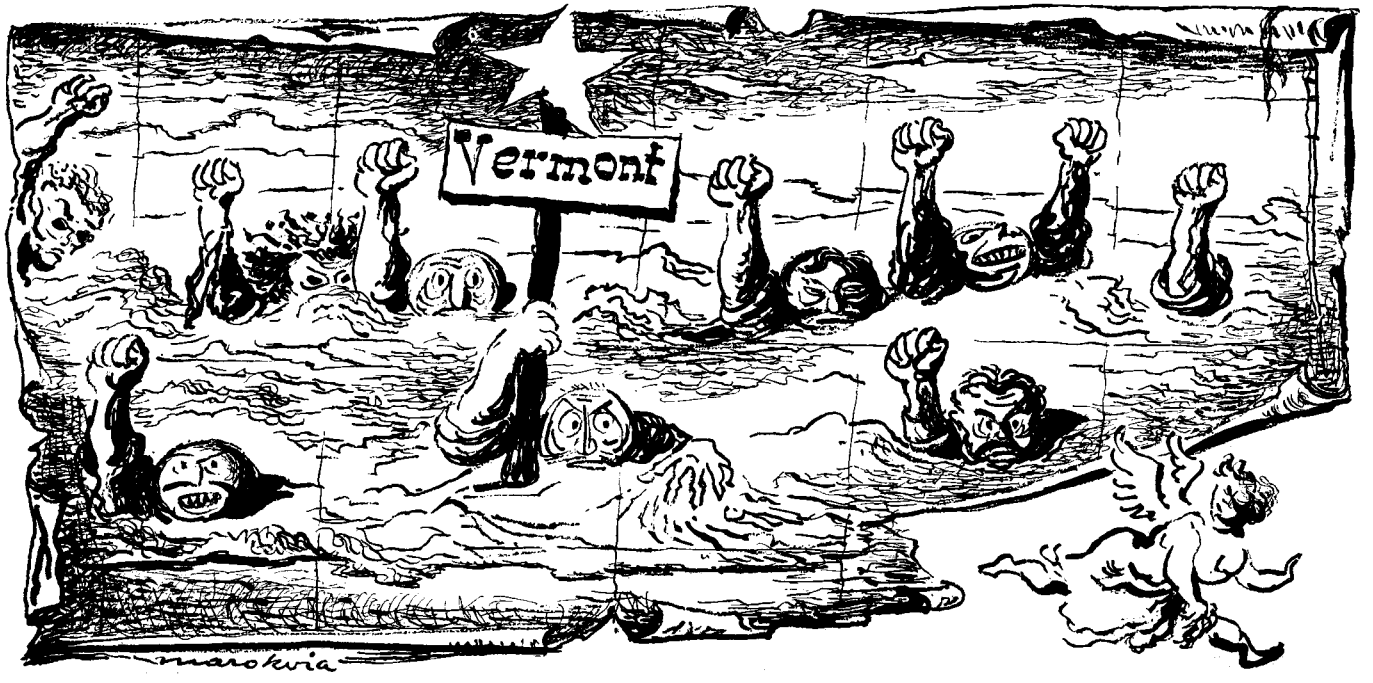
Mrs. Miller quite naturally felt a large measure of personal justification last summer when Senator Joseph McCarthy first focused national attention on the importance to international Communism of the White River Valley—an area which has since come to be referred to by some radio commentators and newspaper columnists as "the Alger Hiss section of Vermont." McCarthy revealed that Owen Lattimore, whom McCarthy has called the architect of our Far Eastern policy, sold his backwoods farm near Bethel to Mary and Ordway Southard, described by McCarthy on the Senate floor as "not hidden Communists"; McCarthy suggested that the transaction may have been the Communist Party's devious way of paying Lattimore for services rendered.

Mrs. Southard, a native of Alabama, was once a candidate for the Alabama senate on the Communist ticket. She wrote for the *Daily Worker* and was also active as a leader of Communist youth groups. Her husband, son of a Harvard professor and himself a Harvard man, ran for governor of Alabama in 1942 and got 402 votes, "the highest ever received by one of our candidates in the Deep South," he has boasted.

The Southards saw an ad for the farm in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The ad had been placed by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, acting as agent for Lattimore. The Southards say they bought the farm because Mrs. Southard's health is poor and she needed a rest.

The Southards and their four-year-old daughter, Barbara, keep to themselves for the most part. Their nearest neighbor is half a mile away and they have not been made particularly welcome since their political affiliations became known.

Mrs. Miller, taking advantage of the opening made by McCarthy, declared that the area around Bethel and Ran-



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dolph had always been a favorite haunt of Communists, that among its summer residents were Lee Pressman, the former CIO counsel who later admitted he once had been a party member; and John Abt and Nathan Witt, two lawyers who have also been described by Pressman as Communists. Mrs. Miller claimed that Alger Hiss, who summers fifty miles away in Peacham, had been a frequent visitor to Bethel and Randolph, although she admitted she had never seen him.

Westbrook Pegler, with whom Mrs. Miller had been corresponding for several years, gave her account of the local Red cell full treatment, recalling that Alger Hiss had asked for his second trial to be transferred to Vermont. It would have been impossible, Pegler claimed, for Hiss to be tried in Vermont without getting one or two Communists on the jury. "The arrival of Communists in Vermont was no accident," Pegler said. "This is broken country, good hideout country, and an excellent place to bore from within."

Another newspaperman, John Drysdale of the White River Valley *Herald,* dissented. "Any boring from within in Vermont is likely to strike granite," he declared in his weekly editorial. Drysdale, who told his readers that "some people who ought to know better have fallen for the witch-hunt psychology," published lengthy statements by Mrs. Stefansson and Robert E. Bundy, the Bethel town clerk, proving that Lattimore had not, as McCarthy claimed, made a profit of $3,000 on the sale of the farm. Lattimore received only $2,250—half the selling price—leaving a potential pay-off of $750. Mrs. Stefansson said Lattimore spent more than that remodeling the farmhouse.

That the farm was sold to a pair of Communists would seem to prove little more than Lattimore's bad luck. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stefansson supported Lattimore's statement that he did not know and had never met the Southards. The Southards never claimed that he had, and even McCarthy hedged on this point.

If, as Mrs. Miller and Senator McCarthy seem to believe, the Communists have selected Bethel and Randolph for a test run of their violent overthrow of the American government, the Reds certainly cannot be accused of hitting the easy marks first. The milk farmers in the fertile White River Valley that sustains Bethel and Randolph are independent, self-sustaining Yankees, many of whose ancestors worked the same land when Vermont was dickering with Britain about becoming part of Canada rather than the thirteen maverick colonies.

Mrs. Miller is pleased about the notoriety she has brought to the White River Valley, but she is upset about the treatment accorded her by some of the reporters who have covered the story. Malcolm Johnson, the Pulitzer prize-winning International News Service writer, was a major disappointment. "I thought the Hearst press was on my side," she has said, "but he listened to a lot of other people and didn't pay much attention to what I told him."

Pegler wrote last winter that he planned to visit the area as soon as he could fit it into his busy schedule, but Mrs. Miller was glad that he didn't come. She was afraid that he might have been beaten up by local Reds.

A large, plump woman with dark, close-cropped hair, Mrs. Miller talks rapidly with quick gestures. She likes big words but often mispronounces them. Several years ago she studied at the Art Institute of Chicago, until she discovered, she says, that the place was overrun with Chinese Communists. In 1940 she married Manuel Miller, who

owns a machine shop in Bethel, and they now have four children.

Before submitting to an interview, Mrs. Miller asks all reporters if they are "from a left-wing publication like *Harper's* or the *Atlantic.*" She and her husband are both right-wingers and proud of it. "Lucille and I are Dixiecrats," Mr. Miller says. "In 1948 we voted for Gov. J. S. Thurmond of South Carolina for President, but our ballots were thrown out because he didn't have a ticket in Vermont."

Though the FBI believes that there are only ten known Communists in all of Vermont, Mrs. Miller claims that there are eighteen in the "Hiss Area" alone. As evidence, she points out that thirty-five people there voted for Henry Wallace in 1948.

High on Mrs. Miller's list of suspects is "Aunt Milly" Gilbert, proprietor of a small antique shop in Randolph Center, who openly wore a Wallace button in 1948. Aunt Milly, now seventy-eight, and her deceased husband, "Uncle Clossy" Gilbert, were originally responsible for bringing all the Reds to Vermont, according to Mrs. Miller.

In the 1920's Uncle Clossy, then "a Debs-variety Socialist" who had studied for the ministry in Chicago, returned to Vermont with his bride, Aunt Milly. Mrs. Miller says that their radical friends soon followed them.

"Aunt Milly's was quite a gathering place," Mrs. Miller explained, "and I was encouraged to come there. Uncle Clossy liked me because I was a good listener." Although Mrs. Miller severed relations with the group in 1931, she had friends who continued to go to the Gilberts, and they kept her posted.

Mrs. Miller is not very clear on what the Communists planned to do in Bethel and Randolph, where the only industries are a few small woodworking shops and a dress factory. "They were sort of resting and talking things over," is Mrs. Miller's evaluation. "It was here that they planned a lot of the New Deal Marxist legislation, like the Wagner Act." Pressman, she believes, "is promoting progressive farming, Red style, throughout this section."

The Red scare in the Randolph-Bethel area has abated somewhat in recent weeks. "But I have a lot of covered support," Mrs. Miller says. "People just don't know which way things are going to go, and they are playing it safe."

Mrs. Miller is preparing her 1951 campaign. "Vermont is becoming increasingly important in Communist strategy," she said recently. "There are a lot of funny things going on at the Canadian border. Since the new Internal Security Act was passed the Commies can't get into the United States legally, but they're coming in by the thousands through Canada."

—MELVIN S. WAX

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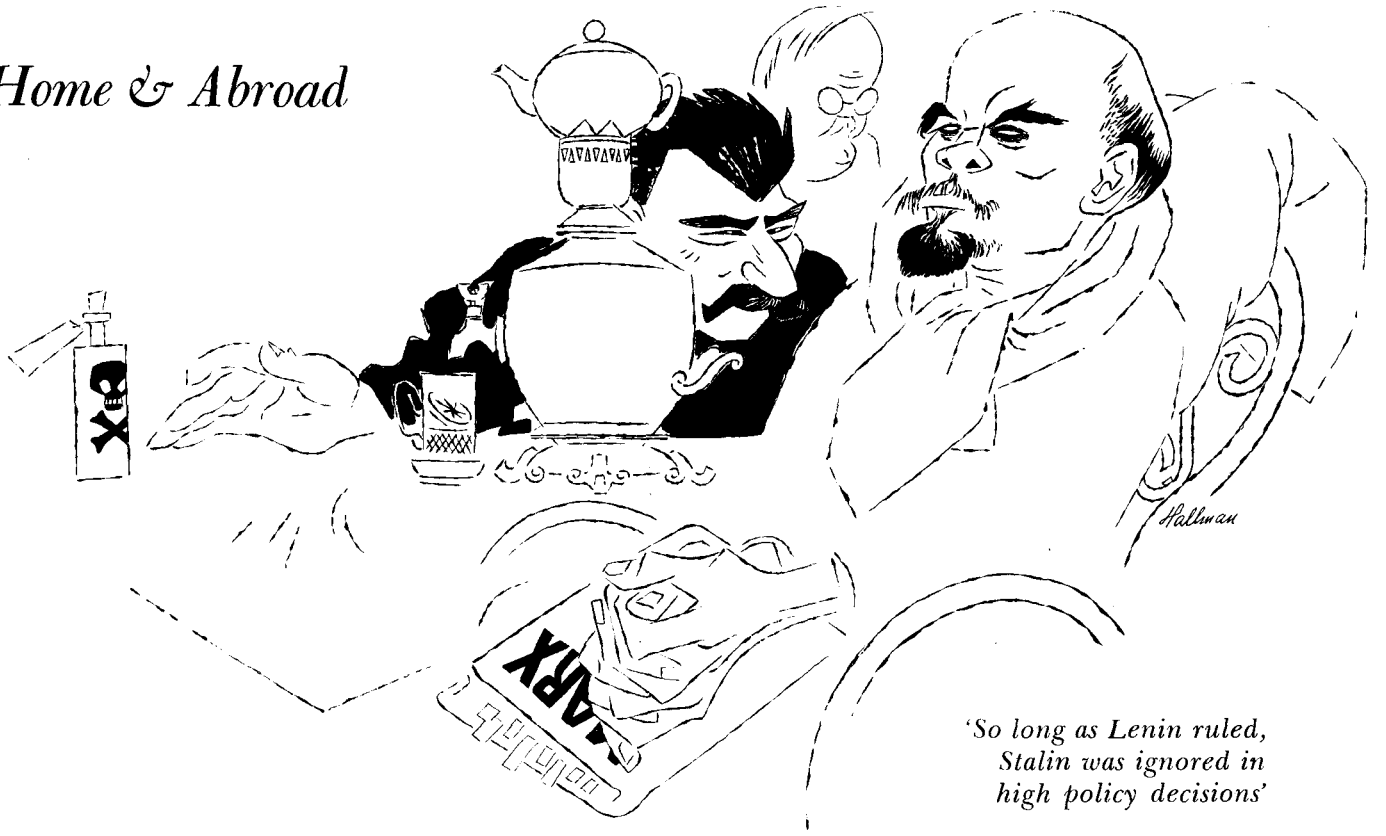

'So long as Lenin ruled, Stalin was ignored in high policy decisions'

China's True Foes: Myths and Meddlers

One policy toward Asia that has been more fumbling than ours is Joseph Stalin's

Each of the three great powers that have come to blind collision in the Orient—China, Russia, and the United States—is guided in its dealings with the other two by myths of its own making. Diplomacy among the three is as hazardous as having three sets of engineers try to plan a bridge, indiscriminately marking dimensions in inches, centimeters, and ts'un.

The West has sensed its differences from the Bolshevik world for a generation. It has sensed its differences from the Orient even longer, perhaps from the day in 1860 when the Chinese executed two British white-flag bearers in truce negotiations. By Manchu tradition this was completely justifiable. The Chinese in turn were appalled when the British employed the normal western tactic of a turning flank attack in battle.

The only exact clues to the riddle of Chinese-Russian relations today are the coded words that go quivering out along the five-thousand-mile telegraph cable that stretches from Peking up the Kansu panhandle, through the Baboon Pass, across the Celestial Mountains and the desert, over the Urals, and through the snow to Moscow. For the moment, it is as difficult to tap that wire as it is to discover what lies on the dark side of the moon. But a worthwhile guess about Russo-Chinese relations may be made if we examine the Soviet Union's record in Asia over the past thirty years.

The record of Soviet-Chinese relations is dominated by three Oriental statesmen who, knowing one another well, have profoundly hated or deeply distrusted one another for a full generation: Joseph Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek, and Mao Tse-tung.

The Chinese revolution marked the very beginning of Stalin's adventures in international politics, and marked it with one of the greatest blunders in

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his career. Stalin at that time chose Chiang Kai-shek as his candidate for ruler of China. In picking Chiang, he showed more vigor, certainty, and confidence than the United States was ever to do twenty-five years later. And Chiang betrayed Stalin.

Until Lenin died, Stalin was his cruel administrative arm—a tough, mean operator with a hardheaded gift for organization that none of the Bolshevik theoreticians could equal. So long as Lenin ruled, Stalin was ignored in high policy decisions. In the fight for succession to Lenin, Stalin was forced beyond conspiracy into the realm of policy.

The chief policy dispute in that fight was over the then-boiling Chinese revolution, during which the infant Communist Party of China had been ordered to commit its trusting hand into the firm grasp of Chiang Kai-shek. Trotsky and a cluster of Old Bolsheviks, Stalin's chief rivals for power, argued that Chiang Kai-shek was both worthless as an ally and treacherous. Stalin defended Chiang (then an honorary official of the Communist International) with a faith and enthusiasm only matched since in certain areas of American public opinion.

It is, of course, a matter of record that in 1927 Chiang Kai-shek *did* betray the Communists, and did massacre many of them just as Trotsky had predicted. But by that time, Stalin's fight had been won in Moscow and his victorious machine could erase the blunder from Soviet history through its total control of the press and public vituperation. The Stalinists insisted that China was lost by a conspiracy promoted by Trotsky and the western imperialists. A hauntingly similar flavor imbues the conviction of some Americans today—that China has been lost by a conspiracy of Reds within the State Department.

Chu Teh, Communist Army chief

Army commanders Lin Piao, Liu Po-cheng, and Peng Teh-huai

Stalin's wrath at Chiang's perfidy and chagrin at his own blunder did not prevent him from making a second and graver blunder.

The Comintern, which at that time ran the Chinese Communist Party, surveyed the wreckage and laid down new orders. It instructed the Chinese Communists to concentrate in the large industrial cities, and to content themselves in the countryside with terror and the murder of landlords.

By this time—late 1927—a number of Chinese Communists had become disgusted with the fools and blunderers sent by Moscow to make careers and reputations with Chinese lives. One faction insisted that the party now should be rebuilt, not in the cities, but in the countryside. This faction was repudiated and excoriated by the Comintern. Its leader was none other than Mao Tse-tung, who had long since come to criticize openly the vanity and arrogance of the Russian legates. Most of the top leaders of today's Chinese Communist Party are the men who followed Mao into the country.

By the end of 1927, Mao had succeeded in collecting a band of one thousand kindred heretics in the Kiangsi hills near the silver Hunan paddies among which he was born. A few months later he was joined by other bands and leaders, the ablest of whom was his present partner and chief of the Communist Armies, Chu Teh. Four years after the Chinese Communists had split, the orthodox Central Committee, which had remained loyal to Moscow in Shanghai, was wiped out by Chiang's police spies and executioners. By 1931, all that remained of the Chinese Communist Party was Mao and his bands. At the famous Comintern Sixth Congress of 1928, Moscow was beginning to change its line.

By 1933, after five years of struggle, Mao's Communists had succeeded in creating south of the Yangtze a rural Soviet government for which they claimed eighty million citizens—and which may have numbered as many as thirty million. After five years of apparent uninterest, Moscow's attention suddenly turned to China again. It established, for the aid and comfort of

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this landlocked Soviet republic, an espionage and military-guidance center in Shanghai, and sent a German Communist stalwart (who assumed the name of "Li Teh") to be military adviser in the struggle with Chiang Kai-shek.

To this day the senior Communist leaders blame "Li Teh" for the disaster that then befell them. Mao and Chu Teh had expanded their domain by fluid tactics—mobility, dispersion, night marches, and the foot soldier. "Li Teh" decided to shift to a positional war of lines, trenches, and fortifications. This was what Chiang had been waiting for. Assisted by his own corps of somewhat shrewder German advisers and overwhelmingly better armed, Chiang strung a noose of blockhouses about the Communist areas and then squeezed, wrecked, and sacked them. Mao and some eighty thousand troops were forced out on that fantastic trek to North China known as the Long March. In his fury, Mao placed "Li Teh" under a close surveillance which some reports describe as physical arrest. ("Li Teh" finally fled to Moscow. He reappeared years later, when he was assigned the task of organizing the Free German Officers' Corps out of Field Marshal von Paulus's shattered Stalingrad legions.)

For years Mao was sour on foreign ideas. As late as 1941 he was declaiming: "Many of our comrades . . . since they know nothing about their own country, turn to foreign lands. . . . During recent decades many foreign-returned students have made this mistake. They have merely been phonographs, forgetting their duty is to make something useful to China out of the imported stuff they have learned. The Communist Party has not escaped this infection. . . ."

From 1936 down almost to last year, the Soviet Union conspicuously and constantly overrated Chiang Kai-shek's strength and underestimated Chinese Communist strength. In conversations with foreigners, Stalin wrote the Chinese Communists off as "guerrillas" (Molotov declared on one occasion to General Hurley that the Chinese Communists were not in fact Communist at all). During the war between China and Japan, Stalin sent all his military aid to Chiang, and nothing to Mao's forces, which were at one point given four Russian artillery pieces by Chiang as their share of Russian largesse.

One enormous episode underlines the fact that as late as 1945 the Russians had little hope of Chinese Communist victory. This was the wholesale looting of Manchurian industry, in the course of which the Red Army uprooted equipment estimated by Americans as worth $800 million and by Chinese as worth $2 billion. The cost of replacement to the new Communist state will be several times the latter figure. Had the Russians expected Mao to come so swiftly to power, it is unthinkable that they would have destroyed a base which might quickly have been tied into the industrial complex of their Maritime Territory.

Russian recognition of Chiang Kai-shek's government continued until after Shanghai had fallen to the Communists in 1949. Moscow's recognition of the Communist régime came only in October, 1949, a scant three months before British recognition.

As late as last year, the Russians offered fresh and concrete proof of their low estimate of the Chinese Communists. In the treaty Mao and Stalin signed in Moscow in 1950, the Russians promised Mao a "reconstruction" loan of $300 million. This sum was derisory in comparison to America's gifts to its own friends, Russia's industrial capacity, and China's boundless needs. It was also derisory because of its historical antecedents. In 1938 and 1939, when Chiang Kai-shek was fighting Japan, Russia loaned Chiang $300 million—worth roughly $600 million in today's devalued money.

Throughout the war Americans in Chungking were fascinated by Russian dealings with the Chinese. Some Russian diplomats spoke flawless Chinese, but none showed much understanding of Chinese sensitivity. Apart from several gay, rough-and-ready newspapermen, most of the Russians treated the Chinese with shocking coarseness and contempt. Their word for the Chinese was *malokulturnye*—people of low culture.

Russian information about China was statistically and militarily vast, but personal and political information was poor. Once, in a Moscow air-raid shelter, Stalin asked a British diplomat to confirm what he was sure was true: that Chiang's personal weaknesses were all due to uncontrollable drunkenness. The fact that Chiang's austerity, dating from his Christian marriage in 1927, had never been made known to Stalin indicated that he was still making policy in terms of outdated information.

One of the great myths the Kremlin tries to spin, as much for the western world as for its own people and satellites, is the doctrine of its infallibility and omnipotence.

The last serious conversation I was able to hold with an east European

'Chiang's austerity, dating from his Christian marriage in 1927 . . .'

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diplomat took place shortly after Canton fell to the Chinese Communists. He said: "We now see that what America lacks most is not arms or money, but a philosophy. A philosophy is a way to measure big things from little things. What have you been trying to do? Save Berlin. What have we been trying to win? China. In all history this is probably the most successful diplomatic diversion."

It is this that the Russians would have all the world believe. But certainly Mao knows better.

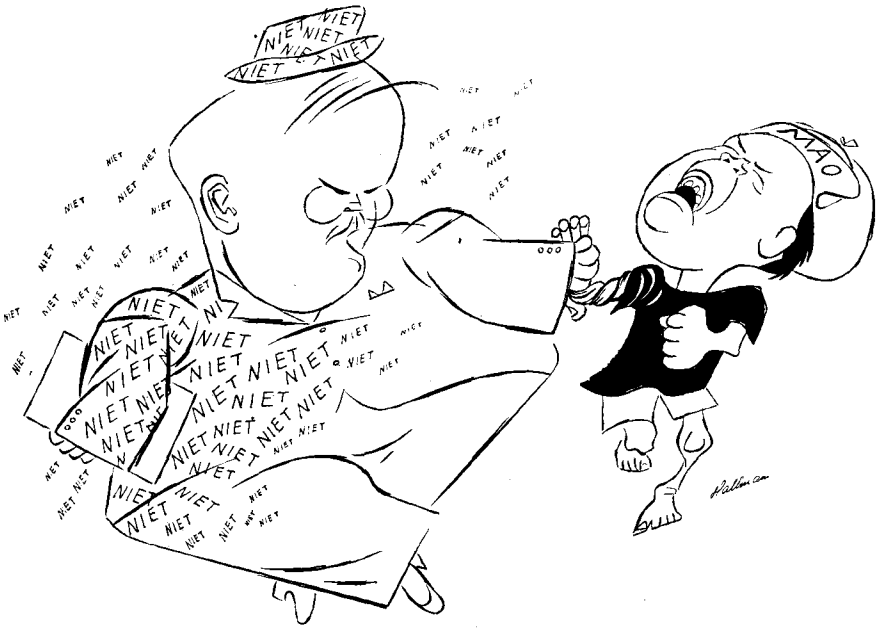
The big American myth about China is: "We lost China to the Reds."

The simple fact is that we never held or controlled China. In the war against Japan we were allied to a coalition of warlords, headed by Chiang Kai-shek, with only the shallowest roots in Chinese society. These roots did not have to be pulled up by the Russians —they withered by themselves; they were so weak that not even $3 billion worth of American aid (ten times what Russia is now offering China) could preserve them.

American feeling toward China today is a mixture of wounded grief, horror, and bitterness. What little we learn of China in our schoolbooks is compounded of the phrase "Open Door" and our knowledge that the traditional role of America has been to defend Chinese integrity against imperialist assault. This is true. But in the Chinese frame of history this truth is comparative, and we Americans rank merely as the least rapacious of a pack of would-be conquerors and empire builders.

Americans fail to grasp one emotional constant in all educated Chinese thinking: hatred of the white man. For more than a century, until 1945, white men and Japanese entered China to make a profit, caring little who was killed or stripped in the process. Chinese emotion is clouded by a century in which foreign gunboats controlled the rivers, foreign troops garrisoned the land, foreigners ran the customs posts and collected taxes, and the Chinese themselves were snubbed and despised in their own country. Both Nationalist and Communist Chinese were nursed on this humiliation.

It is against this background that American actions in the past few years must be judged. We furnished Chiang the arms and equipment to fight the present government, and we sent officers to train and guide his army. This American intervention in a Chinese civil war has now been pinned by the Chinese Communists onto a whole century of hatred of the white man; and America, whose record is the best among the western powers, is made to harvest the bitterness of all the humiliations perpetrated on China by Russians, Japanese, Germans, Britons, and Frenchmen.



'Molotov declared . . .
that the Chinese Communists were not Communist at all . . .'

As important as these starkly divergent American and Chinese views of recent history is the social gulf that separates Main Street, U.S.A., from the Chinese village. Few Americans have looked down from the air on that panorama where village crowds village across fields and hills, over the horizon, in an endless procession of brown huts and thin fields. Ugliness, squalor, and hunger fester in all these villages; and out of these things, against the village rich, the Communists have bred their revolution.

The men of the Communist revolution are products of forty years of civil war, foreign invasion, gunfire, bandits, and marching men. A whole generation of Chinese has learned violence. I once asked a Chinese Communist whether he thought the Communists could win in India. He said: "Not for a long time. They have never learned how to use guns. In every Chinese village there are peasants who have been using guns to shoot bandits and soldiers all their lives."

Never until much too late did Americans grasp the fact that the Chinese were a nation used to arms, with an endless reservoir not only of manpower but of rifle power.

At the end of the war I remember sitting with a group of American staff officers in Chungking discussing whether or not we should fly Chiang's Nationalist troops into the center of Communist power in the north. One of the junior generals was furious at American newspapermen. He yelled: "There's nothing up there but a lot of talk! They've got nothing, I tell you, and all their strength comes from what people like you write about them! I'll bet if you newspapermen stopped sending dispatches about them for six months, they'd just fade away and disappear."

They didn't.

A paradox that will perplex foreign historians for generations is why America acted as it did when its government was completely informed about the true situation in China. Not for an instant after 1947 did the State Department have reason to doubt that the Communists would win.

The State Department's experts

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pressed for a simple policy—to step out of the way of an avalanche. But Americans distrust experts. The pressure of a few rabid Congressmen and the clamor of the press forced the Administration's hand. It talked peace and truce, yet it armed Chiang Kai-shek. As the Chinese Communists see it, American policy has been twisted into a record of malevolent double-dealing.

Of all the blunderers in the Orient since the Second World War, certainly the Chinese Communists are the worst.

They blundered because, in the whole squalid history of Chinese-American relations of the past five years, they chose to attack the United States on an issue in which the United States was completely and unequivocally right, and because in deliberately and stupidly invading Korea they chose to bloody the nose of the only power in the world that possesses the treasure and ability to pull the Chinese out of misery in this generation.

This blunder was begotten of the very forces that shaped their victory—Mao's ignorance of the outside world, for one thing. Until his trip to Moscow, he had never been out of China, and had lived almost all the previous twenty-five years in the field and hill headquarters of a landlocked civil war. He speaks no other language than Chinese. Chu Teh, his army chief, has had a few years of study in Germany, and Chou En-lai, his Foreign Minister, a few years of study in Paris and a brief visit to Russia. Three commanders of field armies (Lin Piao, Liu Po-cheng, and Peng Teh-huai) are almost totally ignorant of western ways.

A second force is the dizzy, incredible pace of Mao's triumph. Just six years ago, when the first American emissary visited Mao in Yenan, the only private locomotion Mao could find to get to the airfield in time was a somewhat battered ambulance, into which he bundled to meet General Hurley's C-47.

That was the summer when food was so scarce in Yenan that Chu Teh was growing cabbages in his spare time, and Mao was hoeing a tobacco patch to keep himself and the headquarters staff in smokes. Only four years ago this March, Mao was driven out from the caves of Yenan, a refugee, to seek still cruder headquarters in the northern hills.

Today all Chiang's armies have vanished from the mainland; all the billions' worth of American aid to the Nationalists has been seized by Mao's forces, and the largest standing army in the world belongs to them.

A third force that conditions Chinese Communist thinking is the intertwined record of suspicion and violence in Chinese politics over the last generation. Democratic processes as we know them have never existed in China, nor has the very concept of law been known. Murder and countermurder, assassination and deceit, wind through every political happening of this generation in China. Mao's first wife was killed by Chiang's men, his brother strangled by a Sinkiang warlord. Every other major Communist leader can tell a tale of similar personal loss.

In Chinese politics, no promise has ever been kept by either side once the relationship of force which begot the promise was altered. Each chapter of Chinese history is a record of negotiation in arms, for to negotiate without a display of strength was hopeless.

All the events of the outside world have been refracted through the minds of Chinese Communist leaders by this experience and the mythology of

Mao's visit to Moscow

Marxism. If one had to reconstruct an imaginary summary of a council of Chinese Communist leaders last fall, based on their radio broadcasts, it would run something like this: "America is a large country run by bankers and warlords. America armed Chiang and talked truce. Therefore America's word is the same as Chiang Kai-shek's. It is true that the North Koreans invaded South Korea and failed, but that is not the important thing. Perhaps South Korea was an American trap. What is important is that an American warlord named MacArthur is approaching our borders with only the word of the Washington clique—Truman and Acheson—that the Yalu will be respected. Why not fight first, see how it goes, then talk?"

To the Chinese, this must have seemed logical reasoning. It was impossible to explain by radio or diplomacy to Peking that America, split and stalemated, had no intention of invading or bombing China, or that Truman and Acheson still control the levers of decision at home while rabid opponents of the Administration and its China policy have full freedom to vote, debate, and publish.

The Peking radio is the best mirror of the Chinese Communist mind today, and it is a terrifying voice to listen to. Each atomic bomb, each American disposition for national defense, every Congressional appropriation has, on the Peking radio, the image of a gun loaded and pointed at China.

The most interesting document broadcast by the Chinese radio in the past few weeks was its review of the history of Chinese-American relations over the past century and a half, a document that has certainly appeared in the Chinese press and influences the text of many new schoolbooks. This document is a clever mixture of fact and falsehood.

All the indignities perpetrated by foreign powers in China—whether Russian, British, French, or Japanese—are credited to America. For example:
OUTBREAK OF PACIFIC WAR: "1941: U.S. Secretary of State C. Hull opened talks on adjustment of relations between the U.S. and Japan with Japanese Ambassador Nomura, attempting to wreck the Chinese people's national liberation war and take over the whole of China except 'Manchukuo' from the hands of Japan. The talks proved abortive." (Japan attacked the United States precisely because the United States would *not* enter into a deal for the division of China.)
THE MIDWAR PERIOD: "1944: The United States sent Hurley and Wedemeyer to support Chiang in trying to

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annihilate the revolutionary forces of the Chinese people." (Hurley was sent by Roosevelt to bridge Kuomintang-Communist differences and was received in Yenan on this basis.)

RECENT: "1949: In August, the United States sent a group of Americans led by . . . Lowell Thomas to Tibet to carry out subversive activities."

Mixed with the major items in the dossier are minor bits of probably truthful grist:

"1946: On November 21, an agreement allowing the U.S. to take aerial photographs in China was reached between the United States and Chiang."

"On December 24, American troops in Peking raped Shen Cheng, an undergraduate of the Peking University."

One can date almost precisely the decision of the Chinese Communists to turn back to Moscow. It came in early 1945, shortly after the breakdown of the Hurley negotiations, when Mao told an American Army officer of the liaison team then in Yenan that if the United States did not give aid to the Chinese Communists in the war against Japan, they would seek it from Russia.

Since then there has been not a single note of public criticism of Russia from Chinese Communist leadership, yet friction has persisted from as early as September, 1945, when Russian troops refused to let armed Eighth Route Army men enter Manchuria.

Almost every witness of the Communist revolution in China since then has stressed its strident nationalistic character, and the conspicuous absence (at least until after the fall of Shanghai) of the garish portraits of Stalin and Lenin which adorn the walls of eastern European satellites.

Again and again, authentic reports from Shanghai stress the bad taste left in many Chinese mouths by Mao's visit to Moscow—a trip made to adorn the birthday celebration of a foreign potentate, from which the new Chinese chief of state brought back the most trivial loan and a reconfirmation of the imperialist concessions in Manchuria that the Tsars had once wrung out of the decaying Manchu Empire. A more recent indication of popular disquiet has come with the Peking radio's long, repetitious broadcasts lauding the nobility of the Russian people and the sweet happiness of their society.

What little information we have of life in Shanghai, the great entrepôt of the Yangtze, seeps out with French and British travelers who are still permitted to leave. These reports indicate that the sophisticated Shanghainese are reacting to the Russians as they have to other foreign overlords. Russian advisers and their wives, like American Army officers and their wives before them, are on an all-time shopping binge in Chinese stores, enjoying the "funny money" as Americans once did. According to Chinese gossip, the expenses of Russians in China were charged against China's credit last year from Moscow. This might be dismissed as tea-shop talk if it did not ring so clear an echo of the charges that the Yugoslavs made about Russian advisers.

There are estimated to be between three and five thousand Russians in Shanghai. These estimates may be exaggerated, but the Russians do seem to have committed the cardinal blunder of housing their personnel in a restricted community in the Hungjoo area, cut off by a bamboo palisade from the rest of the city, its entrance forbid-

den even to Chinese police. This may not bear the old hated name of extraterritoriality, but it is as crude an offense to Chinese spirit as anything the old Anglo-American settlements ever offered. Chiang may be criticized on the radio for giving America the right to take aerial photographs, but most Chinese know their airfields are now substantially under Russian control, and that nothing prevents the Russians from aerial mapping if they so desire.

In the long run, the most important source of friction between Russia and China will be economic.

No Chinese industrial planner will consider his blueprints without first wondering whether Manchuria can be restored to its onetime industrial might. Manchuria, which once held two-thirds of Chinese industry, is now dotted with factories as ugly as eyeless sockets, whose original Japanese installations—generators and rolling mills—were ripped out by the Russians in 1945. No Chinese planner could help bearing a grudge against the men who destroyed what it will take a five-year plan to rebuild, unless the Russians choose to return the loot. So far as is known, the Russians have never given anything back to anybody.

Manchuria as a whole is the area where friction must first develop, because there Russian military bases and Russian control of railways form the very essence of imperialism. The Russians, it should be noted, signed a separate trading treaty with local Communist authorities in Manchuria before they recognized the Communist government in Peking.

If we can dodge all-out war with the Chinese armies, the Chinese troops that have just moved into the Yalu area will give Mao a powerful bargaining lever when he wishes to reassert full control over Manchuria. The Korean War may have been a long-awaited opportunity to move strength to this most sensitive area.

Apart from the themes of hatred of America and full-throated nationalism, the chief interest of the Peking radio is economic reconstruction of the country. China, after forty years of war, is practically falling apart. It must build railways and factories, dig mines, and install power stations if any of the Communist dreams are to come true. Russia can offer China its prodigious and successful Asian experience in dealing with mass education, hygiene and sanitation, animal husbandry, and certain types of agriculture. But industrially the Russians are weak themselves. The shipment to Shanghai of German technicians—whether forced or voluntary—undoubtedly means a shortage of skilled Russian personnel.

Doing business with the Russians, as

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the satellites have found, is no fun. Russia asks exorbitant prices for what it sells, pays little for what it buys, and is slow on deliveries. If it is forced to depend on Russian industry, China knows its progress must be slow.

The only information on Russia's trade practices with its Red Asian neighbors can be drawn from Moscow's commerce with Sinkiang when that central Asian Chinese province was a Soviet satellite in the 1930's.

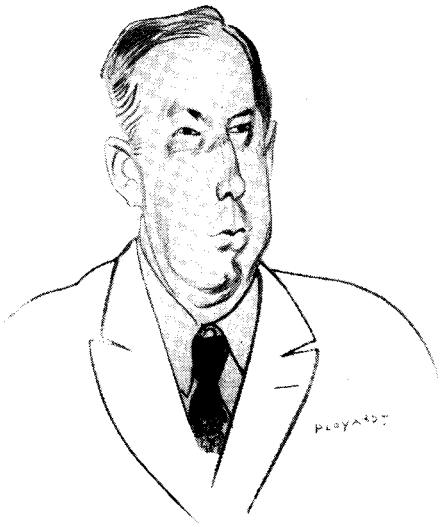
The most amusing story heard there was about horse trading. The Russians paid for the wonderful Sinkiang horses in rubles per pound of horse weight. The horses were purchased at the oasis town of Qarashar, then driven over 350 miles of desert for delivery to the Russian border. Chinese and Russians never did satisfactorily settle their squabbling over prices, because the Chinese felt the Qarashar weight should determine prices, while the Russians insisted on paying after the long, thirsty trip to the Russian border when the horses had fallen in weight.

It is when the whole panel of Soviet wares, sciences, skills, and prices is matched against China's needs that reality and an appreciation of true national interest will probably begin to penetrate Peking. At the moment, China seeks Russian diplomatic and military support against America. In peace, China needs other things. It needs petroleum for road transport, which the Soviets cannot supply. It needs sulphur, rubber, copper, nonferrous metals, and fertilizer; and, above all, it needs limitless quantities of industrial equipment. The West, not Russia, holds the key to China's well-being and prosperity. The Chinese gave up all these things when they invaded Korea.

Eventually, if peace survives, Mao must re-examine China as he always has before—in his own interest, not Stalin's. He has been right where Stalin was wrong, not once but several times, and it would be unimaginably out of character if, at the zenith of this power, he should suddenly adopt the cloak of humility.

Until that re-examination, absolutely nothing can be done. To act now in China, either by subversion or bombardment, is to confirm the paranoia. To attempt to crush its will is to launch a world war.—THEODORE H. WHITE

Japan: Greater East Asia No-Prosperity Sphere



Kenneth Royall

Like the U.S. public, the people of Japan breathed a sigh of relief when they thought the war in Korea was over. As in the United States, the shock of the deepening crisis has been severe. Many of the Japanese are remembering, these days, former Secretary of the Army Kenneth Royall's remark that in an international emergency Japan might prove more of a liability than an asset. But in contrast to popular opinion, Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida and Japan's ruling class remain urbanely confident that the Korea-China crisis represents yet another lucky break for a Japan that has already had more than its share of such since 1945.

At the outbreak of the Korean hostilities last June, the Japanese government openly took up an "ours-not-to-reason-why" position. Off the record, the official attitude was: "True, we have no choice but to co-operate in furthering the United Nations effort in any way directed by SCAP. But we can co-operate willingly or unwillingly, and we can assure you that Japan is co-operating willingly."

In accordance with that policy, Japan in effect joined the United Nations. Ideologically, the Japanese government drew a sharp distinction between the "free world" and the "Communist-totalitarian world," and categorically announced in a White Paper issued last August that Japan was a democratic nation belonging to the free world. Said that government document, entitled *Our Position in the Korean Conflict:* "Either we abandon hopes of fully achieving democracy in our country and bow to the Communist world, or we give the United Nations the strongest possible co-operation and, thereby, build a peaceful and democratic Japan under a United Nations guarantee of security. The war for democracy in Korea is nothing less than a war to protect democracy in Japan. . . ."

Materially, though of course not militarily, Japan has provided the United Nations effort with assistance which, beginning within Japan itself, extended across the Sea of Japan to the docks and beaches of Korea.

Japan has assisted in the transport of United Nations troops and war supplies; Japanese factories, labor, and transport have been freely used on war orders. Japanese dockers have assisted in the unloading of ships in Korean ports. Japanese "old Korea hands" have placed their knowledge—and maps—at the disposal of General MacArthur's headquarters. And Japan would have supplied "volunteers" to fight in Korea had anyone dared to put the former overlords of Asia back into their former colony, where the Jap-hating South Koreans would probably have butchered them before they ever reached the front line.

Superficially, this wholehearted co-operation in paying off handsomely. Primed by Korean war orders totaling

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$162 million up to November 26, Japan's industrial production has for the first time since V-J Day topped the 1932-1936 level. Many heavy industrial plants that had stood idle through the past five years have been reactivated.

The process of handing Japan back to the Japanese in advance of a peace treaty has been immensely speeded: "MacArthur gifts" to the Japanese since the North Koreans first crossed the 38th parallel have included permission to raise a paramilitary police force of seventy-five thousand men; the lifting of all limits on textile production; opening of U.S. ports to Japanese ships; the sending of an unofficial Japanese delegation to the U.N.; the placing of U.N. nationals in Japan under the jurisdiction of Japanese police and courts; and the "unpurging" of more than thirteen thousand Japanese previously barred from holding public office under the MacArthur purge directives.

Before Korea hit the world's headlines, a numerically strong segment—quite possibly a majority—of the Japanese people favored the adoption by their country of a policy of strict neutrality, opposed Japanese rearmament, and were critical of the idea of granting permanent military bases on Japanese soil to the United States.

Then came the Korean object lesson, and many Japanese hurriedly modified their opinions on the subjects of neutrality and of defenselessness as a means of ensuring national security. A newspaper public-opinion poll conducted in November indicated that while 37.5 per cent of those questioned still opposed the grant of bases to the United States, as compared with 29.9 per cent in favor, on the further question of rearming Japan a pronounced shift in public opinion has occurred—53.8 per cent being in favor of that step, and only 27.6 per cent against, with 18.6 per cent undecided. (However, only 18.5 per cent were prepared to see Japanese troops used outside the home islands.)

Superficially, therefore, the Korea-China crisis has justified Prime Minister Yoshida's description of that tragedy as "an act of providence" so far as Japan is concerned—but only superficially, as Mr. Yoshida is now in the process of discovering. For Japan remains economically an integral part of a now largely Communist Asia. And Japanese recall that in 1936 more than one-third of all their exports went to Korea, Manchuria, China proper, Formosa, and Hong Kong, as compared with a postwar trade with China amounting—before the MacArthur-dictated shutdown on exports of strategic materials to Red-held territories—to only seven per cent of prewar volume. Many Japanese who are in no sense Communistically inclined wonder whether Japan, with its population expanding at a rate in excess of 1,500,000 annually, can ever become self-supporting unless its two-way China trade can be revived.

Two years ago, before the expulsion of the Chinese Nationalists from the mainland, the Tokyo English-language daily *Nippon Times* summed up Japan's dilemma in these words:

"Economic relations with Communist China can only be a temporary expedient, permitted by the Chinese Communists only so long as, and only in so far as, it serves their interests. If we are willing to take the chance of working with them in the hope of developing a mutuality of interests which will lead to a mutually satisfactory bond of understanding and friendship, well and good. But it must be recognized that we run the risk of being drawn into a relationship which will be of advantage only to them or else be cut off abruptly. We must be under no illusions."

The embargo on a wide range of exports to Red China involves the halting of imports of vital Chinese raw materials into Japan, and has dramatized Japan's essential economic quandary as did no other event since the Allied oil embargo on Japan in July, 1940.

The embargo has also made the question of Japanese rearmament academic. For rearmament would be impossible on any major scale without imports of Chinese coal and iron ore.

The Japanese government is hoping to tap alternative sources of iron ore in the United States, Malaya, and the Philippines, but no sure alternative source of coking coal is in sight. The ships that have been carrying coal on the short run between North China and Japan are unsuitable for big-ocean voyaging. And although the United States used to have coal and ore to spare, in a rearming world Japan would be unlikely to get better than a low priority in both raw materials and shipping.

The hope is that somehow or other Chinese raw materials will continue to arrive—paid for, perhaps, by exports of textiles, which are not on the embargo list. But few Japanese are so naive as to believe that the Chinese Reds would ship one ounce of coal or ore once it were established that Japan was using the supplies to rearm.

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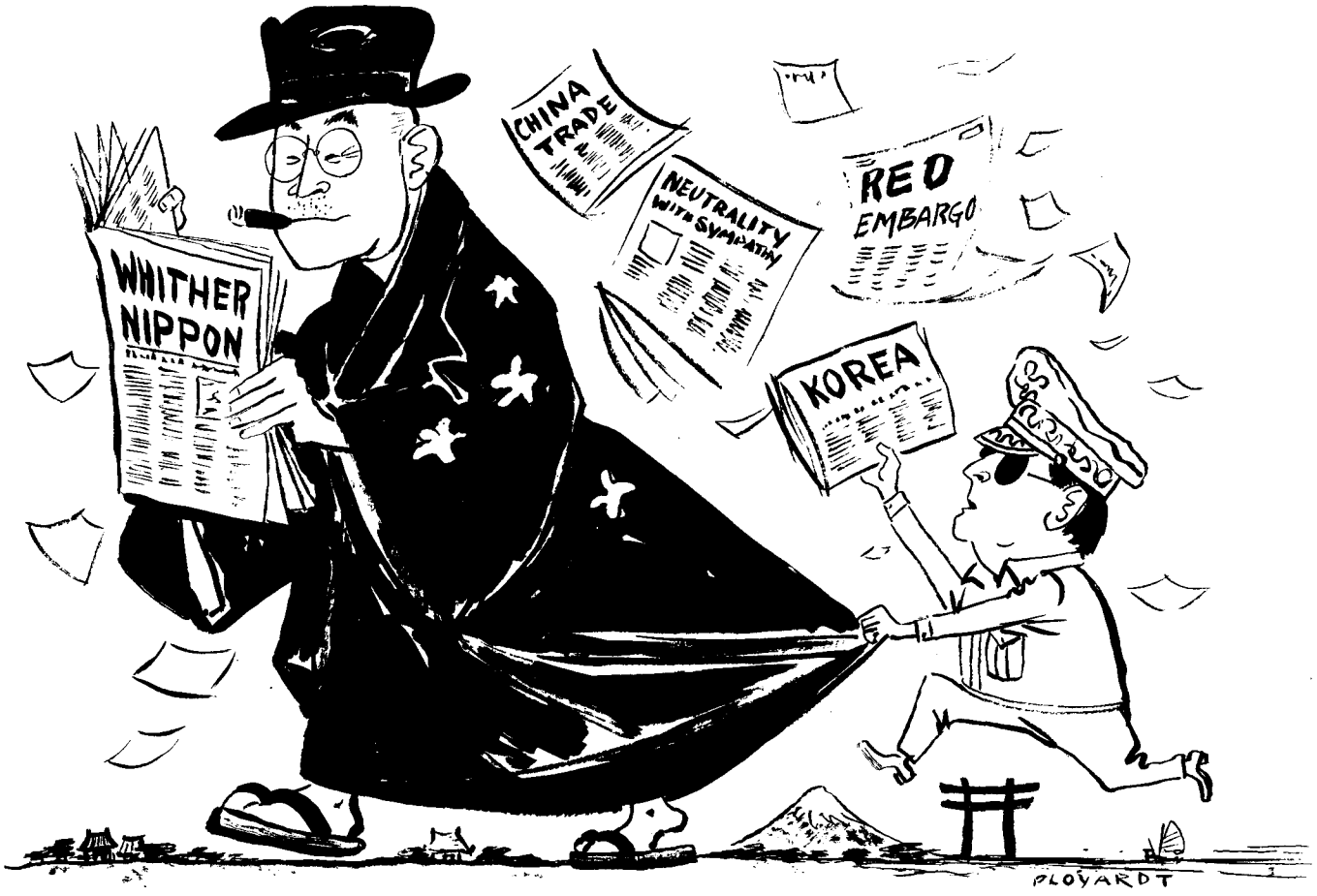
There exists the further complication that even before the imposition of the embargo on shipments to Red China, Japan's steel industry was working at only about fifty per cent of capacity because of shortages of raw materials, and that Japan's present standard of living—running at depression levels—would be still more depressed by any attempt to institute large-scale rearmament. The ultranationalists cite these facts as the excuse for urging that the interests of Pacific peace and the security of the United States in that region demand that in the peace settlement Japan should be given territory and resources equivalent to those it controlled in 1941. No "double patriot" has yet explained how that is to be accomplished short of an atomic war waged to resurrect the Japanese Empire.

Japan's little people have an equally weighty reason for wondering whether "an act of providence" is the best description for what is happening in Asia. They are afraid. The extent of the fear aroused by the Asian crisis among the Suzuki-sans of Japanese cities was evidenced by hoarding of textiles and foods last July, and again in November, when the "new war" was announced; by the slump in property values in the cities, with a corresponding rise in the price of country real estate outside atomic-bomb range; and by the sending of surplus clothing, household goods, and the like from the cities into the safety of the countryside. The Japanese have gone through war once; there exists a widespread and desperate fear of their country's becoming a battlefield for a second time in less than a generation. There also exists considerable uneasiness lest, in a rearmed Japan, the militarists might regain control—a fear reportedly shared by Prime Minister Yoshida himself.

It is now generally conceded that a defenseless Japan would represent an open invitation to aggressors, and that the nation should be permitted to rearm for self-defense. It is also generally admitted that, even if the necessary steel and other raw materials could be made available to accomplish that task, the rearming of Japan as an anti-Communist bastion in the Far East would be impossible without permanent U.S. economic and military aid totaling hundreds of millions of dollars.

General MacArthur is understandably proud of the "no-war" pledge in the new Japanese Constitution and understandably nervous concerning repercussions abroad of any open Japanese rearmament at this time—particularly on Russia and China, two nations jointly pledged to oppose any revival of Japanese "imperialism." For all these reasons, those "sixteen Japanese divisions by 1952" which some close to SCAP have been talking about are unlikely to materialize by that date; instead, the issue will probably be left up to the Japanese themselves, following the signing of a peace treaty.

The Japanese, for their part, are likely to proceed cautiously. Ultranationalism is currently unfashionable in Japan, but the disease has by no means been eradicated, and a renewed volubility on the part of some former extreme "patriots" and demands that



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Japan's former career-officer class should be unpurged and permitted to recruit a new army have aroused apprehension among Japanese who, if they are not democrats, are at least not aching for another dose of Tojoism. As one Japanese Foreign Office official put it: "The problem is not only to create a new Japanese Army; it is also to ensure that . . . it will remain a democratic army."

Essentially, therefore, recent events in Korea and China and at Lake Success have left the Japanese people bedeviled with conflicting fears—fears that either their country will eventually succumb to the economic realities of Japan's position and veer toward at least a partnership with Asian Communism, or that it will have to rearm on a scale large enough, and with American assistance large enough, to make Japan virtually an American satellite, and quite probably to represent a threat to civilian control of the country. Either way, many intellectuals fear, the future is black.

The policy so far adopted by the Yoshida Cabinet in this dilemma is to go along, guardedly, with the West and to acquiesce in making Japan what Premier Yoshida has called "the core of defense against Communism" in the Far East—the while brushing aside unpleasant realities with such hopeful remarks as Mr. Yoshida's recent "war is war and business is business" concerning trade prospects with Communist China.

Mr. Yoshida and his political entourage take this point of view, and belabor those who sigh for neutrality, for the severely practical reasons that they believe a military tie-up with the western democracies represents the only route to the recovery of Japan's lost empire, and because the future prospects for Mr. Yoshida and his like in a Communist Japan would be slim indeed. The choice confronting Japan's present rulers is between remaining in the American orbit or going into oblivion.

For Japan's run-of-the-mill rightists, the choice is somewhat less difficult; they could always do a quick flipflop back into totalitarianism—from which they so recently emerged—without any undue strain upon their minds or consciences. That goes for the military men, too. Communism is closely akin to the "national-policy" nonsense preached by the politically conscious "middle strata" of the Japanese Army in prewar days, and very few Japanese are prepared to be sure that a revived army would not swing to the extreme left on the first occasion its views were opposed by the elected representatives of the Japanese people.

If Japan's fears are mostly focused at

the domestic level, the Korea-China crisis has served to pin its immediate hopes on the U.N., a body which in remote Japan is largely synonymous with the United States.

United Nations setbacks in Korea have not noticeably cut into American prestige in Japan. The Japanese have been heavily indocrinated with the MacArthur legend. A military people, they know that battles are sometimes lost. They know better than anyone else the difficulties and hazards of campaigning in the inhospitable Korean terrain. They dutifully cheered General MacArthur's masterly war of extermination against the North Koreans. They sympathized when the U.N. forces suddenly found themselves well out on a frosty limb. And they felt toward the G.I.'s suddenly rushed from cushy occupation jobs in Japan into the harsh realities of Korean battlefields almost as though they were their own kin who were fighting and dying across the water.

Japanese good will toward the men who were defending Japan in Korea was evidenced by long queues of Japanese lined up in Tokyo to give their blood for U.N. wounded. It was evidenced again when Japanese-donated *futons*—very thick quilted blankets—were parachuted down to the encircled U.S. Marines and 7th Division at Hagaru, and were the means of saving many lives in the intense cold. There is little doubt that if Japanese volunteers had been called for to fight in Korea, the response would have proved that Japan's heart was with the United Nations.

American prestige in Japan is, however, directly linked with the public appraisal of whether the United States seriously intends to, or could, defend Japan in an emergency. The Nipponese nightmare, shared by all classes, is finding the nation alone in the face of Communist aggression—alone and with a pro-American reputation. The Japanese know that the United States could withdraw from Japan and still win a third world war. They wonder what would become of a Japan linked with the western democracies if that happened.

A return of uneasiness regarding Japan's future security would certainly play directly into the hands of the islands' totalitarian-inclined thinkers. Whether the Japanese are as a nation at any given point in history good or bad by western standards depends on their own conception of where their national interests are.

It is a total misconception to classify the Japanese as pro-American, pro-British, or pro-anything but Japanese. More than most nations, the Japanese have no political friends—only political interests. Korea and the Chinese aftermath have highlighted, afresh and vividly, both the fact that Japan is an integral part of Asia and the ease with which the country could be dragged into a war of which the Korean conflict may prove to be merely the curtain-raiser.

In 1945, Japan's statesmen pursued a single aim—the maintenance, intact, of the Tenno (Emperor) system, the bureaucracy, and the national structure of government. If these three survived defeat, said the elder statesmen, Japan could rise again. Just so today, Japan's genro and politicians, in charting the national policy in the face of the threat of an all-Communist Asia, will be guided by one factor only—the security and survival, at any cost, of Dai Nippon. —HESSELL TILTMAN

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MacArthur in World War II: Speed, Surprise, Optimism

From the day on which he graduated at the head of the West Point class of 1903, Douglas MacArthur seemed destined for an exceptional career. He possessed gifts of personal charm, intellect, and language that would have assured him of distinction in almost any field. He brought to his father's profession a flair for the dramatic and an instinct for publicity rare among soldiers. None in modern times has excited more admiration or aroused greater controversy. As one acquaintance put it: "You can't be neutral about MacArthur."

Twenty-seven years after he was commissioned, when most of his classmates were still colonels, MacArthur reached the summit of professional attainment in the Army. President Hoover selected him as chief of staff in 1930. In the intervening years he had served in the Philippines, gone through Army schools, and taken part in combat operations in the Aisne-Marne, St.-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne battles of 1918. He came back from France the youngest general officer commanding a division.

After a term as commandant of West Point, MacArthur served as chief of staff from 1930 to 1935. The main accomplishments of his extended period in this position were the reorganization of the nine corps areas in the United States into four army areas; the establishment of a general headquarters to command the field army in war; and the formation of a GHQ Air Force. The command arrangements of the new GHQ were admirably adapted to a single-theater war of the 1917-1918 type, but were quite inadequate for the multitheater war in which we later found ourselves involved.

In 1937 MacArthur retired from the U.S. Army and became director of the defense establishment of the Philippine Commonwealth, with the rank of field marshal. Between 1937 and 1941 MacArthur made considerable headway in developing Philippine defenses, but he also demonstrated the talent for unwarranted optimism which later marked his years as theater commander in the Southwest Pacific and which, evidently, he still retains. In May, 1941, he gave a widely publicized interview to John Hersey in which he estimated that about half of the Japanese Army had been reduced to third-class effectiveness, and described the Philippine situation as "sound."

Wide World

Douglas MacArthur

When war came there was not much that could be done about prolonging the defense of the Philippines, and there is little evidence that MacArthur affected the dismal course of that campaign except in the realm of morale. For one moment only he seemed to let his irritation at the hopelessness of the military situation and his feeling of personal responsibility for the security of the Philippine people affect his judgment. On February 8, 1942, he forwarded to Washington President Quezon's proposal that the Philippines be neutralized by agreement between the United States and Japan and that all our military forces be withdrawn. President Roosevelt's reply put the struggle for the Philippines in its proper perspective in relation to the global war.

When, in response to repeated Presidential orders, MacArthur left the Philippines and arrived with his family in Australia to become Allied Commander in the Southern Pacific, he faced another forlorn assignment. Committed to the defense of Australia and the "relief of the Philippines," he found himself at the end of a four-thousand-mile line of communications, operating from a country with extremely limited transport facilities, commanding an almost nonexistent army and a skeleton air force. His radio message on arriving at Melbourne set the tone of future communiqués from his headquarters:

"I have every confidence in the ultimate success of our joint effort, but success in modern war requires something more than courage. . . . It requires careful preparation. . . . No general can make something out of nothing. . . . In any event I shall do my best. I shall keep the soldier's faith."

MacArthur knew then and knew later that long-range Allied plans would restrict the flow of troops and supplies to his theater in favor of Europe. But, facing the threat of further Japanese advances, officers at his headquarters naturally resented the fact that other theaters were receiving reinforcements they desperately needed

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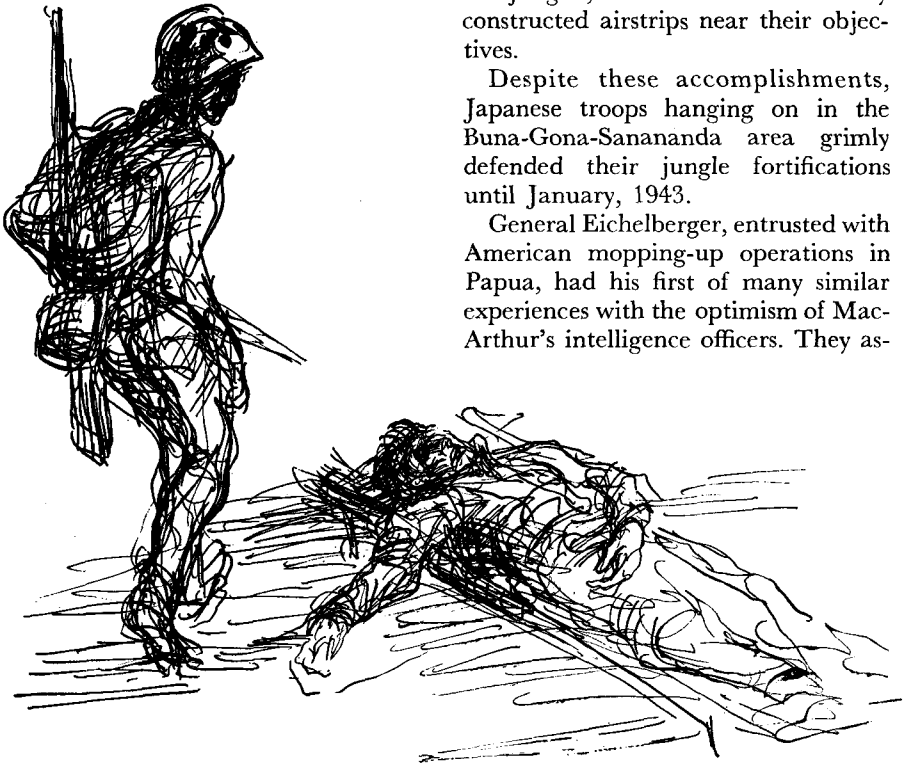
themselves. The "poor-orphan" pose of the Southwest Pacific headquarters won General MacArthur some support from irresponsible Republicans who considered the basic strategy of the Roosevelt Administration unsound and discriminatory. As early as October, 1942, MacArthur felt compelled to issue a statement discouraging those who favored his Presidential candidacy in the 1944 election.

The first major decision MacArthur took after setting up his headquarters was that he would defend Australia from New Guinea. Rejecting the counsel of defeatism which advocated defense of the Brisbane line, MacArthur determined to hold Port Moresby and convert it into a base from which the Japanese could be driven from Papua (eastern New Guinea). In this task he was immensely aided by events which happened outside his immediate area of control. In May, 1942, a Japanese task force conveying troops earmarked for the conquest of Port Moresby was turned back at the Battle of the Coral Sea. In June, Japanese naval aviation received a blow off Midway Island from which it never recovered, and in August, the 1st Marine Division landed on Guadalcanal.



Though no one in the Allied world knew it at the time, the Japanese never intended to invade Australia, and their last offensive effort in the Pacific was launched in New Guinea on July 21, 1942, when General Tomatore Horii led a small force of Japanese troops from Gona Mission over the incredibly difficult Kokoda trail across the Owen Stanley Mountains toward Port Moresby. When this advance was checked in September by Australian infantry and by Japanese supply difficulties, MacArthur assumed the offensive and never thereafter relinquished the initiative.

By September, 1942, MacArthur had at his disposal the veteran 7th Australian Division and the U.S. I Corps, composed of the 32nd and 41st Divisions, under that skillful, tough, and lucky soldier, General Robert L. Eichelberger. The air command having gone sour, General "Hap" Arnold sent MacArthur the best available officer in the U.S.A.A.F., General George C. Kenney. Kenney's influence was decisive for the entire Southwest Pacific war. He demonstrated that an air force, properly handled, could practically interdict the approaches to an area of operations, transport men and supplies long distances over trackless jungles, and land them on hastily constructed airstrips near their objectives.

Despite these accomplishments, Japanese troops hanging on in the Buna-Gona-Sanananda area grimly defended their jungle fortifications until January, 1943.

General Eichelberger, entrusted with American mopping-up operations in Papua, had his first of many similar experiences with the optimism of MacArthur's intelligence officers. They assured him that the Japanese did not have more than three hundred troops in Buna or five hundred at Sanananda. The actual numbers were three thousand and five thousand.

To MacArthur's credit it must be observed that Allied forces in the Southwest Pacific never fought another campaign of the Papuan type. The conquest of the Huon Peninsula which followed in the summer and autumn of 1943 showed that the commander had grasped the full possibilities of aero-amphibious warfare. At the year's end the Allies had advanced 240 miles northward from Buna.

In March, 1944, the great Japanese base at Rabaul was sealed off by capture of the Admiralty Islands. A decision was then made to by-pass Rabaul, where 125,000 Japanese troops languished until the end of the war, and to advance hundreds of miles in one jump up the coast of New Guinea to Hollandia.

The pace at which MacArthur pushed operations in 1944 is indicated by the schedule that followed Hollandia. The Allies landed there on April 22 and built roads, base facilities, and airstrips from which to stage a further jump to Wadke Island on May 15 and to Biak Island on May 27. With the Japanese completely off balance after the Hollandia operation, by September MacArthur had moved the battle line to Morotai, within three hundred miles of the Philippines.

In one sense the speed of operations in the Southwest Pacific contributed to the growing sense of exasperation among MacArthur's own forces. Quick as his headquarters was to move units and make decisions, it seemed even quicker to claim victories when weeks or months of dreary and costly fighting remained. The phrase "end of organized resistance" often meant that troops were consigned to fighting out a battle or campaign which the public thought was over and done with. Nor can the Navy's irritation at MacArthur's communiqués be overlooked. Though he was on good terms with Admiral Halsey, it is safe to say that most of the naval officers in the Pacific regarded MacArthur with a jaundiced eye. In long periods when other entertainment was lacking, the Navy found humorous diversion in jibes at Mac-

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Arthur communiqués. Many a ward-room bulletin board carried a poem by a nameless Navy wag:

For two long years, since blood and tears have been so very rife,
Confusion in our war news burdens more a sailor's life.
But from this chaos daily, like a hospice on the way,
Like a shining light to guide us, rises Doug's communiqué.

For should we fail to get the mail, if prisoners won't talk,
If radios are indisposed and carrier pigeons walk,
We have no fear because we'll hear tomorrow's news today
And see our operations plan in Doug's communiqué.

In the fall of 1944 two main plans emerged for future action against the Japanese. One plan, sponsored by Admiral Nimitz, whose Central Pacific forces had by that time occupied the Marianas, called for by-passing the Philippines and landing on Formosa. The other, advocated by MacArthur, proposed by-passing Formosa and liberating the Philippines. The issue was settled by President Roosevelt in a conference with the two leaders involved. He seems to have decided on the Philippine operation in a ten-minute private conversation with MacArthur after the meeting ended.

Halsey's carrier planes had unveiled the weakness of Japanese air power over the Philippines early in September. He suggested that MacArthur move forward his date for the invasion of Leyte by two months and offered him the Third Amphibious Force, which included the XXIV Corps. MacArthur thought the matter over for two days and agreed to schedule the assault for October 20.

For the invasion of the Philippines MacArthur had two armies, the Sixth under General Walter Kreuger and the newly formed Eighth under Eichelberger. The Sixth was to land on Leyte, occupy as much of the island as it could, turn over the job of consolidating it to the Eighth, and then take Mindoro en route to Luzon by way of Lingayen Gulf. Waiting to receive the American forces in the Philippines was the Japanese Fourteenth Area Army of approximately 260,000 men, under the command of General Shigenori Kuroda.

When Kuroda failed to prevent the American advance on Leyte and the newly devised kamikaze attacks did not drive Allied shipping from the Gulf of Leyte, the Philippine command was turned over to General Tomoyuki Yamashita, who had completed the Japanese conquest of Luzon in 1942. By trying to save Leyte, Yamashita left Luzon wide open to MacArthur's invasion by way of Lingayen Gulf on January 9, 1945. Yamashita was prevented from employing his troops in any but piecemeal fashion by landings in Subic Bay on January 29 by the XI Corps and at Nasugbu on January 31 by the 11th Airborne Division. The latter operation, directed by Eichelberger, was one of the most brilliantly conducted and daring of the war.

In June of 1945 General MacArthur took a tour of Mindanao, where Eighth Army troops were still struggling to end Japanese resistance. After he had visited the fronts, he told Eichelberger that in his opinion there were not 4,000 Japanese on the island. Two months later, after Japan surrendered, 23,000 Japanese troops appeared from their hiding places on Mindanao. This was the last estimate Eichelberger got; it was curiously similar to the first estimate about Japanese strength at Buna. Being an honest man, Eichelberger admitted in his memoirs that he thought there were very few Japanese left in Luzon in August, 1945. Then, to his surprise, after the Japanese capitulation General Yamashita came out of the hills with 40,000 troops.

On April 6, 1945, MacArthur assumed command of all United States Army forces in the Pacific. At that time the U.S. Tenth Army, under General Simon Bolivar Buckner, engaged in the conquest of Okinawa, came under his control. While the struggle for Okinawa went on, MacArthur massed men and equipment for a projected invasion of the Japanese home islands in the fall.

Despite the recent U.N. reverses in Korea, few men would deny the impressiveness of MacArthur's record in the Second World War. He demonstrated remarkable elasticity of mind and a quickness to grasp the full possibilities of the modern air arm. With no previous experience or training in amphibious operations, he raised the conduct of this kind of warfare to an art in the Southwest Pacific. Although he never won the warm affection of his troops, he fashioned armies of high morale and of great military efficiency. By the novelty and variety of his plans he achieved strategic surprise more frequently than any other Allied theater commander.

In any assessment of MacArthur's conduct of the Korean War, consideration must be taken of the fact that on very short notice he was asked to turn an occupation force into a field army. That he had lost none of his old-time skill in maneuver and surprise was clearly shown in the Inchon landing. That he similarly has lost none of his capacity for underestimating the enemy and counting the chickens of victory before they are hatched has also been painfully clear. But a single campaign does not make or break the reputation of a great general.

—H. A. DeWeerd

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Mr. Wilson Goes to Washington

Marines were still freezing on the Hungnam beachhead last month when bluff, burly Charles Edward Wilson heaved his six-foot-two bulk out of a worn brown leather chair in the General Electric Building in New York and went down to Washington to arm his countrymen for the second war for survival in a decade. General Wu and Andrei Vishinsky were on their way back to Peking and Moscow, smugly conscious of having stymied the United Nations' peace efforts. Nearly every responsible leader in every walk of life in America was saying that the central fact, the only important fact, was that imperialist world Communism threatened to sweep civilization back to the Dark Ages. It seemed clear that this was the threat, and that the Kremlin high command was the enemy.

It was not clear to everyone. To some Republicans in Congress, Dean Acheson seemed to be the enemy. To elder statesman Herbert Hoover, the twin foemen were still history and Franklin D. Roosevelt. And in Detroit an alert reporter for the Chicago *Daily News* stumbled onto an interesting variation in the order of crisis priorities. "More immediate than the threat of a global war," he wrote, "is the growing fear that Detroit will suffer another plague of widespread unemployment."

The motor capital had been selected as the first target of selective price controls. Alan Valentine's Economic Stabilization Agency had met Ford and General Motors advances on 1951 models with a mandatory rollback to December 1 levels. The motor industry, remembering recent wage boosts and rapidly rising materials costs (but not, apparently, that it had been a little slow to take the hint in 1941), protested against being made the sole exception to an industry-wide ESA appeal for voluntary rollbacks. UAW's Walter Reuther, remembering long-term "security" contracts signed just before the outbreak of fighting in Korea (but not, apparently, that it was he who in 1941 demanded that management stop making cars and start making planes), added his dissent to such "pinpointed" controls. Retail automobile dealers took up the plaint. The citizen who had planned to buy a new car in 1951 struck a "Why pick on me?" pose. Everybody wanted someone else to bell the Kremlin cat.

These were also the same people who were loudly clamoring, in letters to the editor and letters to Congressmen, for Washington to *do something.* The President, they said, hadn't gone far enough in his fireside chat and state-of-emergency proclamation. The time had come for whole-hog measures, for *all-out mobilization.* Everybody thought there ought to be streams of tanks and half-tracks and self-propelled artillery clogging the railroads, and some people made speeches about it in crowded streetcars and dining rooms.

Two men had made modest little speeches about it to a subcommittee of the House Military Appropriations Committee; but as the correspondents hadn't got hold of their testimony for more than a week, and as newspaper tradition forbids playing up once-muffed news, not many Americans have heard about those speeches to this day. All-out mobilization, Defense Secretary George Marshall and Deputy Secretary Robert Lovett told the Congressmen, would call for twelve to fourteen million persons in the armed forces, the expenditure of hundreds of billions of dollars, and an abrupt end to any civilian economy.

"Suppose," Marshall patiently postulated, "the weight of opinion in estimating this uncertain but critical future was that we should go into full war mobilization now. Then suppose that there is a quieting down of these actions which seemingly are trying to stir us into a situation where we become heavily involved. What happens? We have gone into full mobilization [for] maybe a year or two, and there is not an all-out war. That is a very serious matter . . . psychologically [and] financially." The thing that would seem wisest, if we hope to outfox Stalin, is to tool up and get the assembly lines ready for pushbutton acceleration—turning out immediately only what is urgently needed, constantly improving models as new men are called into uniform to use them, always in position to shift priorities overnight as world events dictate. What the Defense Department has blueprinted, according to Lovett, is "a four-year effort to restore our military posture. It is designed to provide a deterrent against aggression, and to provide a base from which rapid build-up can be attained in case of all-out war."

Congress and the country willing, that would be the blueprint on which the new Director of Defense Mobilization would go to work. And General Electric's fist-swinging Baptist-deacon president was one of the few men in Washington who knew what that meant. It did not mean merely wading in where he left off in 1944, for the job now was not to hit production peaks in the shortest possible time. The job now was to do what Marx and Lenin had said could not possibly be done under a capitalist economy, what Stalin was gambling could not possibly be done: prepare for the biggest war in history without bankrupting the country and without building up enough mass tensions to produce a

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Wide World

Charles E. Wilson

premature resort to war, a demand for strong-man leadership, or both.

Fortunately, being asked to operate so delicate a mechanism was nothing new to Wilson. His reputation does not rest only on the job he did in the last war, when he came into the production picture nearly a year after Pearl Harbor, found hopeless shortages of such components as valves and fittings defeating the whole program, and, despite internal strife within the War Production Board, tackled the Pentagon single-handed. Getting straight to the heart of the problem, he had the huge machine running at peak capacity within six months. Wilson also has spent fifty-one years with a sprawling corporation that turns out more than two hundred thousand standard industrial and consumer products peculiarly sensitive to market fluctuations, that is geared to make any needed changes and improvements the instant they are developed by its own and rivals' laboratories, and that stands ready at all times to build a complicated prototype from anybody's blueprint. G.E. is a microcosm of the fast-moving, forward-looking, flexible, risk-taking, but always sound and solvent producer the United States must now become.

In some ways Wilson's job this time ought to be easier. It took him three months to work up to No. 2 spot in the WPB under Donald M. Nelson, who reported to Defense Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes. This time Wilson is Byrnes and Nelson rolled into one, reporting directly to the President. In WPB he spent half his time fighting the Army procurement people and an ingrown bureaucracy that never welcomed his direct approach to problems they had sat on for months. This time the Army will know better than to cross him. He will have as his chief administrative assistants General Lucius D. Clay, the Army's highly competent wartime assistant chief of staff for supply and deputy director of mobilization for war programs, and Sidney Weinberg, brilliant senior partner of Goldman, Sachs and Wilson's fellow vice-chairman of WPB. Finally, by Wilson's own estimate, our industrial potential is from fifty to a hundred per cent greater than it was in 1941.

But it will not be an easy job. It will be easy enough to solve Detroit's problem of what to do for pistons now that aluminum inventories have been cut back thirty-five per cent—the dilemma the Chicago *Daily News* man found uppermost in the automakers' minds. What will not be easy to solve is a popular mood that makes automobile pistons sound like a No. 1 priority in the prevailing world context.

Politics is not in Wilson's province. Yet is must be obvious that politics can mess up his blueprint as often and as disastrously as a well-meaning housewife adding extrabudgetary rooms to a professional architect's carefully matured design. Every time the China lobby wangles something for Chiang Kai-shek, the emphasis will shift. Every time the Republicans pull the rug from under America's spokesmen for European unity, the number of weapons that Europeans will be likely to use effectively must be revised downward. If very many "withdrawalists" flock to Herbert Hoover's "Western Hemisfear" banner, the whole blueprint may go out the window. (For if any one fact is clear, it is that we shall need Europe's industrial potential as a plus rather than as a minus if we hope to outproduce Communism's arsenal.)

And even if none of the numerous foreign-policy wings, ells, and porches are officially grafted into the original plan, if the defeatism their very suggestion breeds lingers on in the minds of the men who will have to make the weapons, the tempo and verve of the program are bound to suffer.

In the final analysis, Tom, Dick, and Harry—150 million strong—will probably determine whether or not Charles E. Wilson can show us how to do

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Stalin's "impossible." The peculiar disadvantage of the nonaggressor vis-à-vis the aggressor is that the former can't fire the first shot. The arm that holds the cocked pistol can neither squeeze the trigger nor fall limply to the side. It must learn how to endure aching cramps.

The citizens who now blame Truman, Acheson, any scapegoat for our sorry military posture were the citizens whose clamor for precipitate demobilization-reconversion drove Wilson from the WPB. They are also the citizens who now demand "all-out" mobilization overnight. If they should get their way, Stalin would play possum for a couple of years, gleefully ticking off on his fingers the inevitable consequences:

Ten or fifteen million men drilling, drilling, drilling on dusty parade grounds would become bored. Their families would want them home. Their families would also begin to whine about taxes, about inflation, about austerity. Meanwhile, the miles and miles of parked half-tracks and jet fighters would become obsolescent. And then . . .

Wilson of G.E., who learned to use his big hands as a thirteen-year-old wage earner in Hell's Kitchen, once shook Brehon Somervell until the general's medals rattled. Before he is through with this job, the new production boss may have to shake us all.

—LLEWELLYN WHITE

On Wilson's Agenda

"We're going to need power to reshuffle existing agencies to meet the requirements of the emergency mobilization program," Charles Wilson is reported to have said shortly after reaching Washington. This clearly is a major task: what to do with some fifteen offices and agencies—not counting the military—that are now handling different phases of mobilization. The problem is easier than that facing James Byrnes in 1943, when he had to deal with well-entrenched war agencies of mammoth proportions, for it reduces itself to one of timing the detachment of those bodies from their parent agencies and their insertion into some new organizational setup, and the establishing of working relations with the old-line agencies once they have been deprived of their mobilization functions.

Thanks to the wide sweep of power granted Wilson by the President, he will in all likelihood be spared the otherwise herculean task of staking out his claim against that of Stuart Symington. The latter's NSRB now seems destined to lead the procession of defunct agencies. This still leaves half a dozen Cabinet officers and heads of other agencies to pacify, for their organizations will now be reduced to the status of organs through which Wilson executes policy. On paper at least, the President is avoiding the Rooseveltian duplication of functions so unceasingly attacked by the Truman committee. In actual fact, the problem is transformed from one of reconciling or firing competing functionaries to one of persuading all of them to accept the rule of a single superior, other than the President.

Wilson also faces the task of setting a steady tempo, one that may be boosted but must not be reduced, and safe for any radical change in world affairs. Once that has been well set, the choice of techniques to be used for holding it are of a lower order of importance. This does not mean that less brainpower goes into making up the orders allocating materials or determining the distribution of defense contracts. On the contrary: In terms of highly skilled man-hours, the actual evolution of mobilization techniques is an enormous task. But this we have done before, and so this part of the mobilizer's job is simply one of recruiting experienced personnel. The job also must include the spreading of defense orders over the largest possible number of establishments to lay a broad base for rapid expansion if and when it is needed.

What we have not done before is shoot at a moving target, a problem that is not solved by the setting up or consolidation of agencies or by any amount of organizational footwork. Here Wilson will be on his own. If he is lucky, he will get directives. If he is not, he can either blame the military for lack of planning and foresight, or he can take on the additional burden —not specified in his job description— of determining the magnitude of the mobilization effort. The fact that he has agreed to take the job makes one suspect that he would choose the second course if necessary.

While Wilson's entrance into the price-control field has been attended by an unfortunate first step not of his making, the real problems facing him are far more serious. This ugly threesome consists of the privileged position of farm prices, the escalator clauses of some of the largest union contracts, and the mechanical tie-up of wage and price control in the Defense Production Act. The first two have all the elements of an economic perpetual-motion machine. Farm prices cannot be frozen as long as they are below parity or the May 24-June 24 level, whichever is higher. Since most are below parity, farm prices will continue to rise. As they do, they will push up the cost-of-living index, and automatically the wages of all workers having escalator clauses in their contracts will go up. This in turn will give an upward push to other wages and prices, and eventually parity prices will rise, creating further room for actual farm prices to rise. This nightmare must be banished, but certainly not by the requirement of the current law that wages be frozen in any industry in which the price of the product has been frozen.

Setting General Motors prices at December 1 levels won't keep the G.M. worker's budget from rising, since he buys food, clothing, and shelter, but not automobiles. Enforcing the price-wage tie-up of the Defense Production Act will leave the automobile worker unconvinced. To work out a stabilization formula that will convince not only him but also the white-collar worker, the farmer, and management may well be the problem that will require the most soul-searching during the next three months.

—HANS LANDSBERG

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Muddy Politics in Europe

1. France

Here is another of the mysteries of French politics: The two strongest political forces in the nation are powerless to act at the government level. They are the Gaullists and the Communists. All political observers agree that the Communists represent about twenty-five per cent of the French electorate, the Gaullists about twenty-eight per cent. Their closest rivals, the Socialists and the Mouvement Républicain Populaire (M.R.P.), represent, respectively, sixteen and seventeen per cent.

Yet neither the Communist Party nor de Gaulle's Rassemblement du Peuple Français (R.P.F.) has any direct share in the formulation of governmental policy. The Communists have been excluded from all Cabinets since 1947. When the present Assembly was elected four years ago, de Gaulle had not yet formed his party. As a result the only Gaullist deputies are men of other parties who later rallied to the R.P.F. Obviously this paradoxical situation in which the powerful are impotent will be changed one way or another in the next elections. But they are not due until November.

Meanwhile the international situation is so serious that both Communists and Gaullists are determined to find a quicker way of bringing their weight to bear. That is why both parties have changed their tactics. Within the last few weeks two new political "fronts" have made their appearance in France.

In a speech at Lille last December 10, General de Gaulle entirely reversed his party's position. Until then he had always insisted on a fundamental, unalterable opposition on the part of the R.P.F. to the parties in power, and he had rejected consistently any idea of coalition. His party would run in the coming elections; it would stand on its own feet. Suddenly at Lille he proposed a program of "national unity." He summoned the non-Communist members of the Assembly to join him

Samedi Soir

General Charles de Gaulle

immediately in saving the country from the Stalinist threat abroad and within. He made no mention whatever of his own party. He even let it be understood that he was no longer pressing the matter of immediate elections—he had always insisted that they must be held at once—because an election now would leave France without a Government just at the moment when it most needs a strong one.

Since the Lille speech it has become fairly common knowledge that de Gaulle has been in contact with leaders of other parties; the Radical-Socialists and the M.R.P. are reported to be especially interested in what he has to say. No "national front" has yet been proclaimed, but it looks as if one were being formed on the basis of united action against Communism—including rapid rearmament and strong social discipline.

At about the same time as de Gaulle's reversal, the Communists also turned toward common-front tactics. The day Maurice Thorez was stricken with a heart attack, he was on his way to a union meeting where he was scheduled to make an appeal for a single-front movement in which non-Communist trade unions and parties would be included. Soon afterward he disappeared into a Moscow hospital, but the policy he was to have inaugurated has been taken up by his successors.

Present Communist tactics involve a sort of platoon system. The offense men —those Communists with a reputation for dynamism and narrow sectarianism —have been benched. Quieter, steadier, less spectacular players have been put into the game. Often the Communists meekly follow men who do not even belong to the party, men who are only fellow travelers, like Pierre Cot of the Progressive Union. The basic ideas which the Communists propose are these: reversal of France's Atlantic alliance policy; neutrality; refusal to rearm; government spending for social prosperity—and union against de Gaulle. They aim at a new pacifist Popular Front.

The Communists are persuaded that the time again is ripe—as it was in 1935. They believe that now, as in 1935, the government's policy will put a heavy burden of sacrifice and hardship on the poorest classes of the country and even to a certain extent on the middle classes. Consequently, they feel that there are all the elements of discontent on which to base a broad front in opposition to the Government. In 1935, hardships followed the Administration's currency deflation; now they will inevitably follow rearmament.

In order to obtain results, the Communists have also yielded on some of their political principles. For instance, until now they have constantly insulted the French army fighting in Indo-China. Recently the Communist municipal governments in Marseille, Biarritz, and Brest decided to send Christmas packages to the soldiers. Recently, too, and for the first time, the Communist candidates in by-elections withdrew in favor of the M.R.P.

Such are the two new "fronts" that seem to be in process of formation. Both are based almost entirely on the international crisis; both aim to influence France's decisions as to peace and

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war. There can be no doubt that French political life during the next few months will be greatly changed by the new fronts and their tactics, which will affect every party. Both de Gaulle and the Communists will attract new adherents. But the group most dangerously exposed to dissidence is the Socialist Party, for the Socialists more than any others are uncertain in their conscience and will.

—JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

2. Germany

Every time there is a crisis the Allies accuse each other of treating the Germany of today as if it were an entirely different Germany—the Germany of yesterday, or the Germany of tomorrow. It is true that Allied policy has at times been dangerously ambiguous. But it is not at all certain that the western Germans would have reacted any better to a consistent policy, even if it had been a very generous one. It is entirely possible that *any* coherent policy would have been considered oppressive by a people who are even more divided as to their destiny than are the Allies in their attempts to influence it.

The Allies now have made up their minds to grant West Germany independence if it will share in the defense of the free world. So the Allies finally have a clear-cut policy—and the Germans are panic-stricken. For five years they have reproached the Allies for indecision and uncertainty. Now they are busily rejecting the only logical solution that has been offered them since 1945, and feverishly upholding their inalienable rights to uncertainty and doubt. *Der Spiegel*—which holds a position in West Germany roughly equivalent to that of *Time* in the United States—recently asserted: "The Americans say they brought us democracy and freedom. They must not be surprised if we use our democratic freedom to reject what they propose."

The Allied occupation régime established a relationship between conqueror and conquered that was supposed to endure unaltered until the establishment of world peace. It has not endured. In 1945 most Germans with clear political consciences were ready to receive the armies of the West as

Samedi Soir

Pierre Cot

liberators. They expected freedom from Nazi tyranny, the punishment of the directly guilty, forgiveness for everybody else. They found their conquerors less inclined to be forgiving, and they promptly became disillusioned. "The Allies had a magnificent opportunity," they said later. "The Allies lost that opportunity."

In 1951, their opinion as to the respective wisdom of the conquerors and conquered remains unchanged: The Allies still are wrong; the Germans still are right. In 1945, the Germans dreamed of a sort of religious brotherhood of man; in 1951 they dream of holy wars and crusades. "We were people who recognized the Russian danger when there was still time to master it. Kesselring's army was still intact when it came up from Italy. We had more than fifty divisions available. The Americans should have joined us and Bolshevism would have been crushed in six months. And now the Americans suggest that we should be very happy to pay for their own monstrous error."

Such reasoning—and you hear it even in the Chancellery at Bonn—explains why President Roosevelt's memory is widely hated, for these Germans think of him both as the champion of an entente with Russia and the man who "democratized" the country of Goethe and Beethoven.

This disillusion explains why these Germans are tempted now to repudiate the best in their own spiritual tradition, why they have become less and less accessible to western influence, and why there has been so violent a rebirth of the classical German prejudice against democracy. These Germans have always suspected that democracy must fatally drift to the left; they have always suspected the Left of being, deliberately or not, the accomplice of Bolshevism.

A couple of months ago, Chancellor Adenauer, speaking to a small group of foreign newspapermen, particularly to the Americans among them, tried to discredit his Socialist opposition. Against all evidence, he described it as infiltrated by Communists. At about the same time, *Der Fortschritt,* unofficial organ of the veteran professional soldiers, demanded legal action against those veterans of the Communist anti-Hitler resistance movement whom the Nazis had somehow neglected to execute.

Recently an internationally known Frankfurt newspaper, after severely criticizing various impenitent ex-Nazis for their belief that their hour of glory would strike soon again, bitterly rebuked the Allies. "They should have some sense of reality," the paper said. "It is absurd to reject Spain merely because the Franco régime does not suit the West's conception of democracy." A widely read and rabidly nationalist Protestant weekly, *Christ und Welt,* added: "The Spanish citizen lives in greater freedom than does the German in the western zones."

This historical ambivalence, this state of willful or unconscious confusion, is ominous for the future. It shows that certain Germans have not abandoned hope of forcing events, in so far as they can influence them, into a direction that justifies the German past. Other Germans, millions of plain, nonpolitical Germans, have dismissed the past from their minds. They stand entirely unprepared, expectant, and futile. All they have learned from five years of "the war of steel," from five years of Allied occupation, is this narrow and desperate maxim: "There's always something to live for; nothing is worth dying for." For such people, this limited wisdom puts a final period to German history.

—ALAIN CLÉMENT

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Britain: Land, War, And the Labour Government

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

William Blake wrote these lines at the beginning of the last century. "Bring me my bow of burning gold!" he cried; and his enemy, or one of his enemies, was the despoiling of the English countryside by the Industrial Revolution. Not only for its balanced splendor and simplicity has *Jerusalem* become one of the most famous poems in the English language. It cries to the heart of all men who love their country without petty nationalism and who want to save it from those of their own race bent on despoiling it.

Social and political development in Britain has come not from a series of shocks but from trial and error and reform. Sometimes the errors have been grievous, often the reforms have come late. This has been especially true in the case of British agriculture.

At the turn of the nineteenth century, the British first began to be really conscious of a division between town and country. Until the Industrial Revolution got under way, the one had blended with the other. But then, quite rapidly, conflicting interests developed politically between the old landowners and the upstart manufacturers, and socially between both of these and the farm workers who saw the bread being taken out of their mouths by machines and their children being drawn into the factories. As the lingering classical assurance of the eighteenth century viewed the results of the Age of Reason across the Channel and the Napoleonic Wars ended, people talked of egalitarianism and revolution.

The Napoleonic Wars had benefited agriculture but not the workers on the land. With the Hanoverians money had become all-important. The urge was to speed production, enclose common lands, amalgamate farms, make leases short and rents high, force down wages; then loans and taxes could be drawn from the large owners to swell the Treasury. In the towns the new moneyed class, which resented inherited wealth, was rising. The dispossessed yeomen and the peasantry, that slow, quiet race of men from whose loins had come all that was most British, were outside, forgotten. They had to work on their masters' terms or starve.

There *was* a revolution—one of which few people have heard. It spread from the heart of England, where the ancient trackways to Stonehenge cross the Wiltshire and Berkshire hills. But it failed and has been forgotten, for two reasons that are still significant.

The French aristocracy had left the running of their country to a host of officials, showed little interest in it, and spent most of their time at court. The British have always loathed officials. The landowners liked to run their country themselves. They were often stupid and shortsighted, but London and government were to most of them simply an awkward necessity. The country, and all it implied, was their home. They were not men to let matters get out of hand; and they understood their people. That was one reason. And the other reason was the nature of the people, the hungry country people, who tried to revolt. They hated the towns as much as did the landowners, but for a different reason. The towns were going to make their lot worse by the introduction of machines.

So it was the machines they set out to smash. The rising spread all through the south of England, but it was doomed from the beginning. There was no personal hatred behind it, and no revolutionary class consciousness. Again and again in this pathetic revolt, a mob would surge up to a country house at night and wait while the leader rapped on the door to inform the owner that they had only come to smash up the machines in the sheds, and would harm no one. They failed because, without knowing it, they were traditionalists. The government, terrified, sent troops, but there was no fight-

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ing. Most of the landowners were disgusted at the intervention, but the laws were savage. At the trials many of the rioters were sentenced to death, hundreds to transportation. So it was that young Australia's convict population was increased, not by criminals, but by some of the best countrymen in Britain.

Slowly there came a change. Farming depends very much on the price of wheat, and when the protectionist corn laws were abolished in 1846 for the sake of the growing town population, it was thought that agriculture would be ruined. But there were more mouths to be fed and the price of wheat kept steady. Finally it dropped, but another war, the Crimean, pushed it up again. The countryside was then more or less a self-contained unit; a great deal of the old traditional life survived.

But in the 1880's imported wheat began to flood in. Land went out of cultivation, and landlord and tenant suffered alike. Rich businessmen bought up farms and estates and played the country gentleman. But, being neither countrified nor gentle, they possessed no traditional love for the soil. The land was neglected.

So it remained for a generation until, once again, war came to the rescue. It is sad to reflect that war has always been good for farming. The First World War brought prosperity to the land. But it was as temporary as it was inflated. Nothing was properly organized; the boom went to the farmers' heads and the profits ran out of their heels. As might have been foreseen, prices fell rapidly as soon as the crisis was passed. The countryside was back in the trough until another and greater war came.

To describe all the measures taken between 1939 and 1945 to ensure the best use of the land would fill several books. But there was one outstanding feature: Over-all supervision and control were introduced for the first time in British history. The War Executive Committees set up in every county to see that the land was used to the best advantage, to assist with advice, labor, and machinery, were undoubtedly successful. At first they were resented by the farmers as autocratic and officious. This is a generation of overplanning;

but lack of planning in farming has been one of the chief causes of its occasional ups and frequent disastrous downs.

During all these ups and downs, what has been happening to the really great landowners? No revolution has brought a change, but an evolution produced by taxation and economic pressure.

Contrary to popular belief, comparatively few of the great houses and estates are being relinquished. Death duties are not so serious as they were, because, either by turning their estates into companies (which do not die) or by having their land scheduled as agricultural (which bears a lower duty), the owners are not so susceptible to loss. Those that make news when taken over by the National Trust or opened by their aristocratic owners to the public sightseers are mainly fine examples of

domestic architecture in the grand manner.

It is not so much the great estates as those up to five thousand acres that are being broken up. Disparity between rents and capital is the chief factor. Capital values have trebled in the last twenty years, but rents have risen only about fifteen per cent. Unless the owners have other private investments, their incomes as against current prices have been greatly reduced, and the only way to recover is to sell land. But, in the case of estates of ten thousand or more acres, the effect is not so serious, since even if rents are disproportionately low, there is still enough to live on.

One of the significant results of the break-up in the last forty years has been the increase of owner-farmers. Out of some 362,500 agricultural holdings in 1945, the really large estates could be counted in the hundreds. In 1911 owner-farmers made up only eleven per cent of the whole, by 1922 they were thirty per cent, today they are about thirty-six per cent. The growing stake of the individual in the ownership of land manifests itself in opposition to land nationalization, and opposition to the robbing of agricultural land by public bodies.

In the case of the first possible menace, the Labour Government has given assurances that the land is not to be nationalized. In the last few years, the country has learned how insidious controls can be. A frontal move such as a bill may not be government tactics. But what, people ask, is this Agricultural Land Commission machinery that is already set up to take over estates that allegedly are not well run?

The second menace is also serious. It has been generally supposed that the

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war and food crises have vastly increased the amount of agricultural land. On the contrary, there are nearly half a million fewer agricultural acres in Britain now than there were before the war. These acres have been taken away for houses, roads, airfields, and military-training areas.

What has made agriculture more productive has been the plowing up of existing poor pasture. In 1939 there were some 9 million cultivated acres to 14 million of pasture. Today the figures are almost exactly reversed. It is intensive use of farmland, not increase in acreage, that has met the crisis. How long this proportion of cultivated land to pasture will remain is hard to say. Even in the sixteenth century pasture proved more profitable than grain, and, with few exceptions, since then only in times of war has the reverse been true. But the present policy of government subsidies on almost all farm produce clouds the picture. At the moment everyone benefits—the farmer because he gets good prices, the consumer because he buys cheap. Subsidies have enabled farming to build itself up strongly, but its future lies not in public assistance but in the ability of the farmer to farm well.

Fortunately, most farmers realize this. It may be because they are among the few remaining true craftsmen, men with pride in their work. It may also be that in a somewhat shaky world they are shrewd enough to know when they are well off.

Most of the new blood in farming comes from those who not only want to make a sensible living by hard work and the use of their brains, but to replant their roots in the country, to give to their families a sense of stability in a rootless world. They are seeking indeed to combine that way of life which has always been the essence of the countryside with the ability to enjoy what the culture of their minds requires. If the second should be taken from them by forces beyond their control, the first may remain. Then, though they may not cry with Blake for a "bow of burning gold," they or their descendants may yet be able to wait, as the countryside has always waited,

Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

—Donald Hall

Cupid And Capital

As Clara Lane herself puts it, in the thousand ads and bus placards that feature her shrewd but kindly face, "Cupid Is My Business." In fourteen years, and in seventeen cities all over the country, her Friendship Centers have introduced about a hundred thousand women to about a hundred thousand men. The honesty of her intentions is graphically illustrated in one of her publicity pamphlets. In each of the auricles of a large heart a lone man and a lone woman enter a Friendship Center. Where the ventricles meet, the happily united couple stand admiring a gracious suburban home. Miss Lane claims the credit for some forty thousand marriages.

The Friendship Centers like to consider themselves clubs. Their clients, always called "members," join for six months, paying a registration fee of fifty to two hundred dollars, depending upon age and sex. Men, whose total expenses are swelled by dinner checks and entertainment bills, pay a flat fifty. Women, who, even if they do not meet their one true love, can count on at least twenty-six free dinners, pay $100 if they are under thirty, $150 if between thirty and forty, and $200 if they admit still more. (The Lane interviewers find that men still lie about their ages more than women.)

"We don't think our prices are high," F. S. Chriss, Miss Lane's affable general manager, explained to me recently, "but we like people to realize that they are paying for a valuable service. We really don't make much money. Half of each fee goes out immediately in advertising expenses. Our interviewers get three dollars an hour, and there are twelve of them just in this office. And, of course, we have a full-time public-relations man. Why, it costs us $2,225 a week just to operate here in New York."

Chriss completely rejects any attempt to compare the Center with the dozen-odd other "social-introduction" services listed in the city's classified directory. "We have no competition," he says flatly. "Nobody else works on such a large scale. We're not one of those date bureaus that charge a dollar or two for a list of names and telephone numbers. Serious people come here with a serious purpose, and they get personal, individualized attention."

Miss Lane's New York headquarters, in the Hotel Wentworth on West 46th Street, has a sober look. The reception room, at the bottom of a flight of stairs leading from the hotel lobby, is green-walled and mahogany-furnished, with a receptionist behind the usual glass panel.

Before being admitted to membership in the Center, the prospective client fills out a sheet marked "Confidential Application." This asks for the kind of information usually required on job or loan applications: sex, age, height, weight, education, occupation, religion, and marital status, and contains such pertinent queries as: "Do you own Property? . . . Car? . . . Income? . . . What are your hobbies? . . . Any physical defects? . . . Health? . . . Do you Dance? . . . Smoke? . . . Drink? . . . Registration Fee $ . . . Payable in Advance for 6 months' introduction service . . . Amount Paid $ . . . Where did you read advertisement? . . ."

Having been admitted, the client next fills out a longer "Personality Questionnaire." Besides the previous questions are those such as: "What movie did you enjoy most in the last year or so? . . . Book? . . . Play? . . . Record? . . . Radio Program? . . . Who is your favorite star of the stage? . . . Screen? . . . Radio? . . . Opera? . . . Sports? . . . Night Clubs? . . . What

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is your favorite restaurant? . . . Night Club? . . . What is your favorite newspaper? . . . Magazine? . . . Who is your favorite Columnist? . . . Radio Commentator? . . . Cartoon Strip? . . . Disc Jockey? . . .

Armed with these data, one of Miss Lane's interviewers then has a personal conference with the new member. "We can generally tell just what a person is like and whom to introduce him to in a few minutes, without even looking at the questionnaire," explains Mr. Chriss. But for more difficult cases, the Center has devised a machine called the Mate-o-Matic. Unveiled proudly at a press conference a few months ago, this new marvel, by means of file cards and a hole puncher, matches the characteristics of any given client with those of a number of prospective mates. The reaction of the press was a little less serious than might have been warranted, but the Center's publicity man, unperturbed, reprinted one story slugged "Push-Button Match-Making Has Arrived" with a heading of his own: MODERN SCIENCE ENTERS FRIENDSHIP.

The cards that are fed to the Mate-o-Matic represent not only the New York membership but that of the sixteen other Centers, as well as correspondents from all parts of the country. Although an attempt is naturally made to match residents of the same locality, the New York office keeps a national file for the harder-to-please. All of the out-of-town offices were opened during the last two years. Prior to that, out-of-town members were often introduced by mail.

When the partners have been selected, they are formally and privately introduced by the interviewer. This, of course, is the high point of the whole operation, and what Mr. Chriss regards as the Center's exclusive contribution to romance. "You know how it is when a man tries to make a date with a girl," he says. "He doesn't know what to say. He acts silly. And the girl resents it. If his mother has tried to introduce them perhaps he resents it. This way they have a dignified introduction which they both want, and the girl knows that he's going to take her out to dinner."

All men members of the Center are expected at least to take their dates out to dinner. What happens after that depends solely upon their inclinations and the man's pocketbook. Some women, Chriss says, complain when a man doesn't spend much money. Men, with rare exceptions, shy away from girls who are satisfied only with a round of night clubs. If the couple wish to meet again, they make their own appointments. Usually members will report back to the Center on the result of at least the first date, but

in any case the Center checks continuously and goes on making new introductions until it is asked to cease. The average member requires from six to eight introductions before finding someone he really likes.

The Center is dead set against gatherings and dances, which some of its smaller competitors use to get people together. "Those groups are disgraceful," says Chriss. "Why, you even find married men going to them!" Upon questioning, he admits that before the Center evolved its present system of introductions it held a few dances. "But it didn't work at all," Chriss says. "The people who would ordinarily be popular got all the attention, and the shyer ones just stood around."

Clara Lane, a short, middle-aged Irishwoman of impressive bulk, first began introducing people, she says, just because she enjoyed it. She got the idea for the Friendship Centers when she was in the restaurant business. "I couldn't understand why so many girls had to pay their own checks. Sometimes I used to introduce my customers. Finally I decided to go into the business, and opened my first place on 42nd Street. It was a seven-room penthouse. . . ."

"Why don't you tell her about the horoscopes?" suggested Mr. Chriss. "You know, Miss Lane first began to match people by their horoscopes. The Carstairs Whiskey people used to put them out for her. They were in all the restaurants and bars. . . ."

"Oh, no, no," objected Miss Lane, somewhat flustered. "Don't mention that. Not *whiskey*. People don't like whiskey!"

The Center's members are of all ages and types. There are girls as young as eighteen, some of them brought in by their mothers. "After all," said Chriss, "it's the best education a young girl could have!" Men must be twenty-five to qualify. The Center gives its average age group as eighteen to thirty for women and twenty-five to thirty-five for men. "But most people are careless about their ages." There tend to be more women than men members, a problem that is solved by special advertising aimed at men.

Most of the members are middle-class: white-collar girls, executives, and businessmen. Miss Lane says that ninety per cent are out-of-towners, and many, especially women, would like to settle down on farms. Some are war widows; others are divorcees who would prefer to keep away from their old social circles.

The kind of mates members desire varies as much as the members themselves.

"The girls usually ask for tall, good-looking, congenial men," said Mr. Chriss. " 'You know,' they say, '*my* type.' " The Center often exercises its own discretion as to what is meant by this. "We had one girl who would only meet doctors. We introduced her to a few, but she didn't like any of them. Finally we persuaded her to go out with a businessman. He was the one she married.

"Businessmen are more friendly, you know. Doctors and lawyers are too serious, too dull. They're stereotyped people."

Chriss will talk at length about his most distinguished clients. "We had a man here who came all the way from Chicago. He was worth half a million dollars. He came here to meet a girl who wouldn't know anything

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about his money, who would marry him just for himself.

"Another girl came in to ask for some information for a friend. We asked her why she didn't register herself; we knew just the man for her. Sure enough, they met and liked each other right away. He was a nice guy but she was really clever. They opened a real-estate office, and now they have a fifty-thousand-dollar house and a Cadillac. And he only made ninety dollars a week before he married her."

I asked Miss Lane why she thought so many people had to come to the Centers and pay to meet mates.

"Well," was her immediate response, "they ought to stop having wars and killing all our men. *We* don't make the shortage. Then, too, when the boys go abroad they marry foreign girls."

Wars, she says, are also responsible for a financial impediment to marriage. "During wartime the girls have better jobs, and many are making more money than the men who come back. The men feel that the girls are ahead of them. With that and the high prices they're sort of afraid to marry."

Miss Lane, however, has no objection to women working. The most successful marriages, she feels, are those which start off with husband and wife contributing financially. "The best marriages are built on a struggle together. Most girls are perfectly willing to help a man. They only want someone to look up to. I like those marriages," she added, "where both families help out with a little money, too."

Impersonal city life, Miss Lane agrees, is another obstacle in the way of young people looking for marriage partners. Asked about remedies for this, however, she was not very definite. "Well, there are church and musical groups," she said. "People should meet that way. But, of course, even in social groups the shyer people are at a disadvantage."

Chriss gives due credit for Miss Lane's success to the good publicity she has had. "Magazines have made her famous," he said. He has a file of stories from national magazines to prove his point. *Coronet,* Chriss said, "once wanted to publicize an article they were running on marriage. They decided to hold a forum on 'How to Get a Husband,' at the Hotel Astor. The only thing that worried them was being sure of a big enough crowd. We told them that if Miss Lane spoke they could be sure of an audience. All we had to do, of course, was to get in touch with our members. We had two thousand of them down that day."

Neither does Miss Lane overlook radio, television, newspapers, and the aforementioned car placards. She has her own television program over WPIX, "Your Saturday Night Date," on which two singers read letters sent in by lovelorn viewers and then serenade each with appropriate songs.

"On radio programs," said Mr. Chriss, "Miss Lane often appears as a guest star. Once she celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Friendship Centers over the air. It wasn't really our tenth anniversary, of course," he explained, "but it was wonderful public relations.

"Miss Lane really hopes to write a book some day," continued Chriss. "We even have a studio all ready for her to work on it in Hollywood. It's a beautiful round room with indirect lighting, a kitchen, and a bar, and cozy corners to work in. All we need is somebody to put the book together from dictation. Of course, the movies will probably be interested.

"After all," he reflected, "Miss Lane is the creator of forty thousand homes, and marriage is the foundation of America!"

Miss Lane put it more modestly: "We really sell a product."

—Naomi Barko

The New York Daily News

The friendship business: Clara Lane opens a new Center in Newark

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Hill-Country Editor

Blairsville, deep in the north Georgia mountains, is a county seat of some four hundred people, who live in houses stretching away from the courthouse square. The courthouse is of brick, two stories high, with a silver-painted tower that leans backward at a startling angle. I had come to Blairsville to see the editor of the *North Georgia News*. I found him in the paper's editorial office and printing plant, a small shed near the courthouse, covered with asbestos-paper brick. Inside, a battered typewriter stood on a homemade table. Another rough table supported the chipped marble "stone" for laying galleys of type in forms to be placed in the flat bed of a venerable press close by.

At seventy, Ira Butt, the editor, is the *North Georgia News's* complete staff. He wears a hearing aid, his silver hair is thinning, and his eyes are frosty blue. His open, kindly expression gives no hint of the volcanic fires that frequently erupt from the four small pages of his paper.

"I was born right here in Blairsville," Butt told me, pointing across the street. "That hemlock—my mother planted it before I was born. Went to local school—we didn't have grades like now, but I had what you might call high school, except we played leapfrog instead of baseball at recess. I got in the newspaper business through the editor who was here then—worked a year without pay, then he took me in fifty-fifty, but I done all the work."

All told, Ira Butt has outlasted six rivals in the Blairsville newspaper business.

"Last one was a young fellow," he said. "I felt kind of sorry for him. A veteran, and a good writer, too. But he bought a couple of thousand dollars' worth of equipment, including a linotype that he didn't know how to run. Then he had to pay maybe ten dollars a month office rent and probably fifteen dollars a month house rent, and buy groceries too. Must have cost him a hundred dollars a month before he took in a dime."

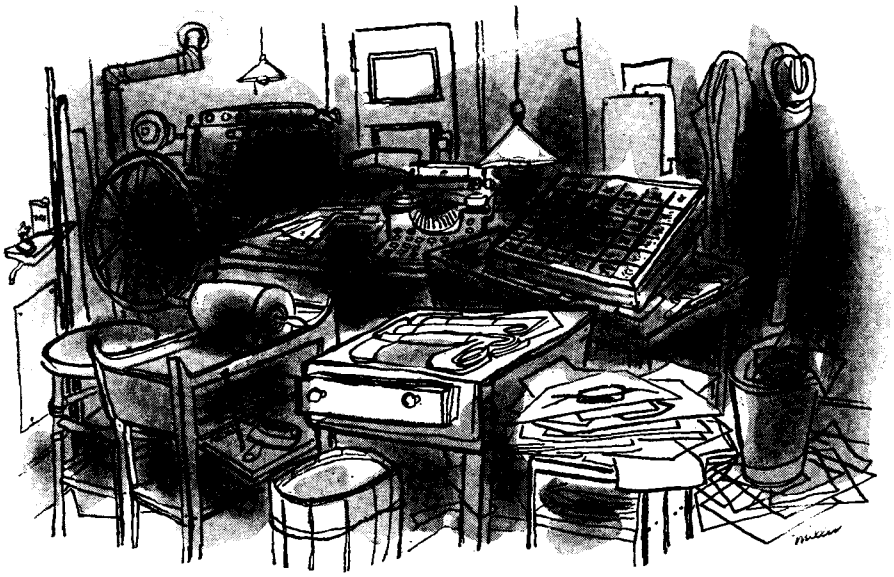
Butt's own overhead is low. He lives in his home next door and has a fine garden. Mrs. Butt helps him fold the 1,200 copies he publishes. Because the old press does not drop them in a straight line, the editor now spares his back by hiring a boy "to keep the papers straight." The same boy cuts the grass.

The *News* doesn't subscribe to a wire service; it has no truck with world or national affairs. To Butt, nearby Dooly, Coosa, and Monks Corners are far more important than London, Paris, and Washington. The *News* hasn't a telephone, either; it would hardly pay, for there are only a score in Blairsville. On an average morning Ira Butt first goes to the post office, picking up the mail and gathering news and local ads from the stores around the square. On press day, people with really hot news come to him; he sits on a high nail keg at the type case, setting up their words as they talk. His chief editorial expense is fifty cents a week for the "boiler plate" of the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons.

"I figure if I can keep some of 'em from a-going down yonder it's worth the money," said Butt good-naturedly, pointing to the nether regions. "You might call it my missionary work."

Until recently, the *News* also ran a weekly article by the Rev. Dr. A. C. Shuler, a hot-blooded Baptist from Florida. Dr. Shuler on occasion wrote in an excited style of "God's great scheme for the races," assailing "niggers, Jews, and Communists," and indicating that the sons and grandsons of the men who followed Lee "are again ready to battle for the Lord and for the RIGHT to govern themselves."

As time went on, however, Dr. Shuler's remarks ceased to find favor. Many young people protested, and the paper dropped the feature. Butt



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said that he had carried it partly because Dr. Shuler had local connections.

I asked about the Ku Klux Klan in Blairsville.

"Never had it," said Ira Butt. "But we've needed it a time or two—like when the bank failed."

A year or so earlier, the only bank in Blairsville had left its depositors sorely stricken. It was a private bank, and its deposits were not insured. A cashier claimed that he had not been paid his salary for years.

The editor let his views be known in the following issue under the scriptural text: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." His remarks were part of a regular front-page column headed DID YOU KNOW? After some introductory "Did-you-knows," such as "That an aviator can do everything a bird can do except sit comfortably on a barbed-wire fence," and news of an eighty-one-year-old man and an eighty-two-year-old woman who had married "to warm each other's feet at night," editor Butt got down to cases about the bank:

". . . The first chartered bank in Georgia was in Augusta in 1810. The only one doing a 'dry cleaning' business seems to have been the Farmers & Merchants of Blairsville. . . . The Bible says Elijah went forty days without eating. Bet you old Elijah would turn over in his grave if he knew that a bank cashier had broke his record by just recently winding out a 4-year fasting period."

Like many country editors, Ira Butt has pronounced views on local and state politics. At the moment, he looks upon Governor Herman Talmadge with high favor. Some years ago, Butt was elected to the position of ordinary—a Georgia county officer who combines some of the functions of county manager and town clerk—and thereupon he moved the *News* office right into the courthouse. During his term, he helped obtain for Union County its first iron bridge, over the protests of those who thought the project extravagant, and he has supported other progressive moves, such as the recent vote of the legislature for a secret ballot in Georgia. Butt also favors local election of the board of education, which is now appointed by the grand jury, and believes that citizens should be required to vote in their own "militia districts." The *News* has pointed out that many "floating" or "salable" votes come into Blairsville at each election, when "the long green is put into circulation to buy votes like buying sheep out of a pen."

As this was written, the latest issue of the *News* carried word of visitors "shaking hands with friends in Blairsville Tuesday," of traders' conventions, singing conventions, revivals, and meetings to "clean off cemeteries" at country churches. Both Blairsville drugstores advertised remedies for athlete's foot. The chain store, using copy prepared for it, claimed that its medicine would "reach MORE germs," while the independent druggist warned bluntly, "If your Old Dogs are bothering you with that Old Itchy Toe, get Sure Shot before your toes Rot Off." One Dock Thomas advertised that he had lost five dollars on the street, adding "If the finder is my friend he or she will return it to me."

The editor pays his country correspondents (who sign their work variously as Chatter Box, Tulip, Guess Who, Chinquapin, True Love, Sparkle, and Snooper) by sending them the *News*, stamps, and stationery. They sprinkle their opinions liberally through their columns, sometimes with startling juxtaposition:

"Oliver Hunter and family, Miss Dale and Frank Turner were Sunday afternoon visitors of Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Voyles.

"Lots of folks can rightly quote Scripture, and simultaneously give it a wrong application.

"Aunt Tilda Cearley is quite ill.

"Married, some days since, Mr. Dewey Raper and Miss Mashburn. Best wishes, young folks.

"If some folks put as much effort in spreading the Gospel as they do in a Scriptural argument, they'd be wonderful missionaries."

To talk to a man who I had heard was one of Butt's severer critics, I took a steep red-clay road to the outlying community of Choestoe. Here Frank

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Dyer, a farmer and long-time subscriber, greeted me cordially from his rocking chair, while his wife went on ironing.

"Ira Butt? I don't like the way he keeps a-slingin' at people," he said, rocking vigorously. Dyer is silver-haired, with steel-rimmed glasses and a lean, determined face. "You can tell him I said so, I don't care. I think a paper man's got no call to hanker into other folks' business. Folks in this mountain country don't say much about people. If a fellow comes in and halfway attends to his own business, they'll let him alone."

I asked if he didn't find the "Did You Know?" column pretty interesting.

"Yes, but he don't make up all those things," said Dyer. "I gave him one, myself—like this: Do you know you can make potatoes grow faster by planting peppers with them? The pepper makes their eyes water and keeps the ground wet." He started to explain for my benefit about the eye of the potato.

What did he think of the Sunday-school lesson?

"I'll take another man's word on 'most anything sooner than on the Bible," the farmer said promptly. "I teach a Sunday school class up here, and I study it myself to find out what it means."

Did newspapers hereabout carry much weight in politics?

"Well, it's this way. When you get to *tellin'* me, even if what you tell me is right, I'm likely to do just the opposite."

Despite objections like Dyer's, the *News* suits most of its subscribers fine. Its circulation is world-wide, because Ira Butt sends it free to boys in service. They read it, he says, until the paper wears through—perhaps because it contains not only the news from home, but as much of the feel and flavor and smell of home as it is possible for printer's ink to carry.

—Archie Robertson

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TV, TV, Burning Bright

A Federal Court has temporarily restrained the Columbia Broadcasting System from using its color television facilities on the civilian population. The Court, which declared that the whole problem "badly needs the finality of decision which can be made only by the Supreme Court," was concerned with complaints that the C.B.S. facilities were not "compatible." (It was a question of compatibility with ordinary black-and-white receiving sets, not with the human temperament.)

Recently, as the guest of C.B.S. at an address on Fifth Avenue, I saw a demonstration of what we shall all be missing in the meantime.

The room had been divided by curtains into about a dozen little classrooms, in each of which there were several rows of folding chairs set before a television set. I sat down near a white-haired man with a hearing aid, who looked like Bernard Baruch. When I heard the phrase "price controls," I decided it was Baruch. "If they aren't necessary," he said to a brace of attentive young advertising executives, "they won't do any harm." (Actually, I wasn't close enough to catch every word, and for all I know he may have been talking not about price controls but color television sets.)

Dr. Frank Stanton, president of C.B.S., got up on a little podium and said that he was glad to see us. He expressed the opinion that nothing he might say could add to or detract from the wonders of color television, and that he didn't want us to get any wrong ideas about the fact that one of the sets wasn't working. "The difficulty," he explained, "is electronic and not mechanical." There was an understanding murmur from the audience.

Then it began. In the screen there was a dull red glow, shot across occasionally with streaks of green and yellow. Baruch held his hearing aid toward the screen and leaned forward.

Out of the red glow a blonde girl appeared, her red lips fixed in a seductive smile. She was wearing a brightly striped blouse. I don't remember what color the stripes were. She said that she was glad to see us and began holding up assorted flowers, fruits, colored handkerchiefs, and packages of cigarettes. After remarking that no television show would be complete unless somebody poured a bottle of beer, she poured a bottle of beer. Then there were colored maps, flags, a dancing girl, a singing girl, and two puppets. The puppets said that they were glad to see us.

Next there was a picture of a bedroom, painted, we were informed, by Vincent Van Gogh. The colors were brighter than any I had ever seen in an oil painting before, and there were none of the rough brush strokes one sometimes notices in Van Gogh's work.

When the show was over, the attendants and a few people in the audience applauded. Most of us sat blinking at the dull red glow until Dr. Stanton got up and told us that he was glad to have seen us and where the door was. On the way out, I heard one man say, "Makes you dissatisfied with ordinary TV, doesn't it?"

I walked down East 37th Street past Dennison's, where you can buy paper flowers that have brighter hues and last longer than real flowers. In the yard of what used to be the Morgan mansion at the corner of Madison Avenue, I saw a small tree with white bark, which was still holding on to a few green leaves. The tree looked colorless and unreal to me.

—Robert K. Bingham

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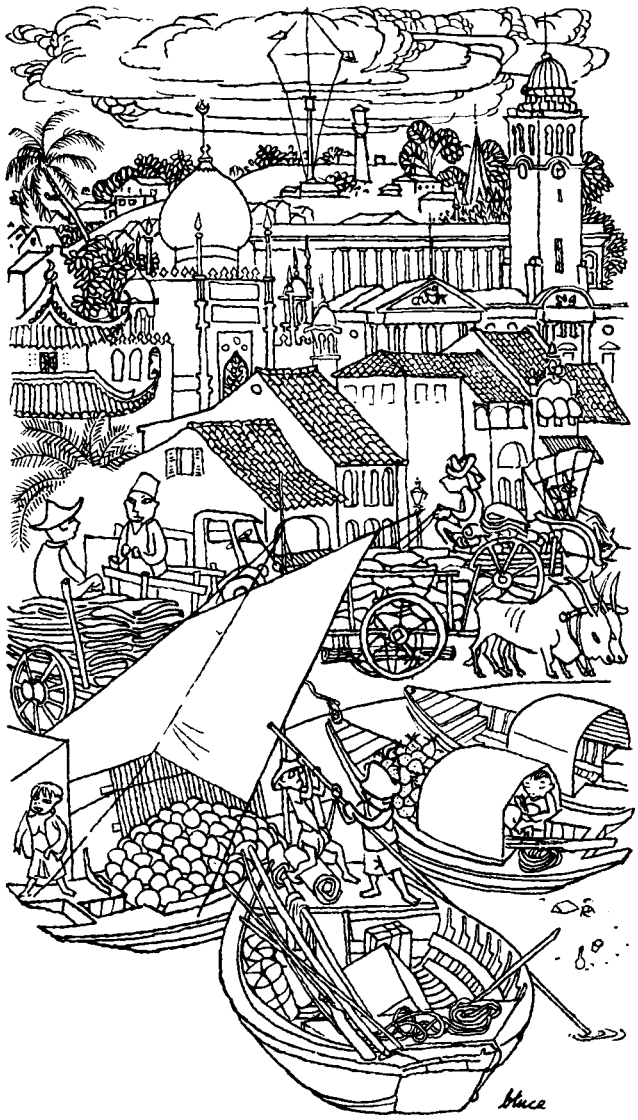

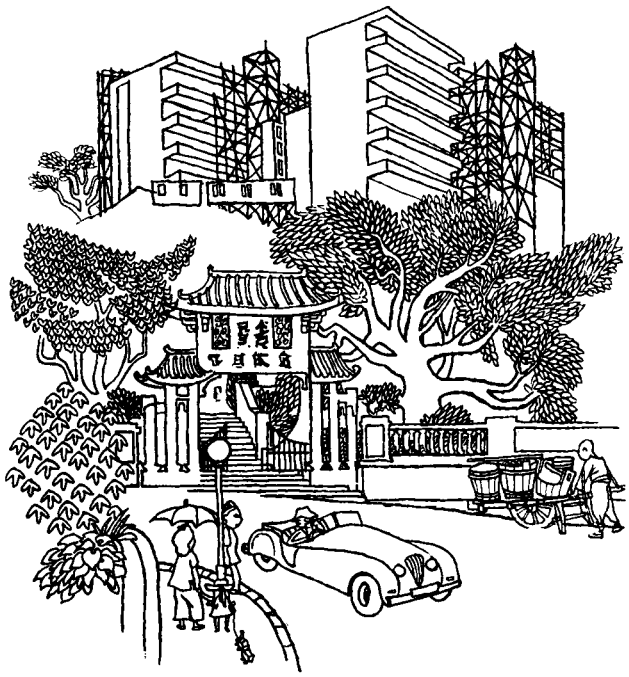

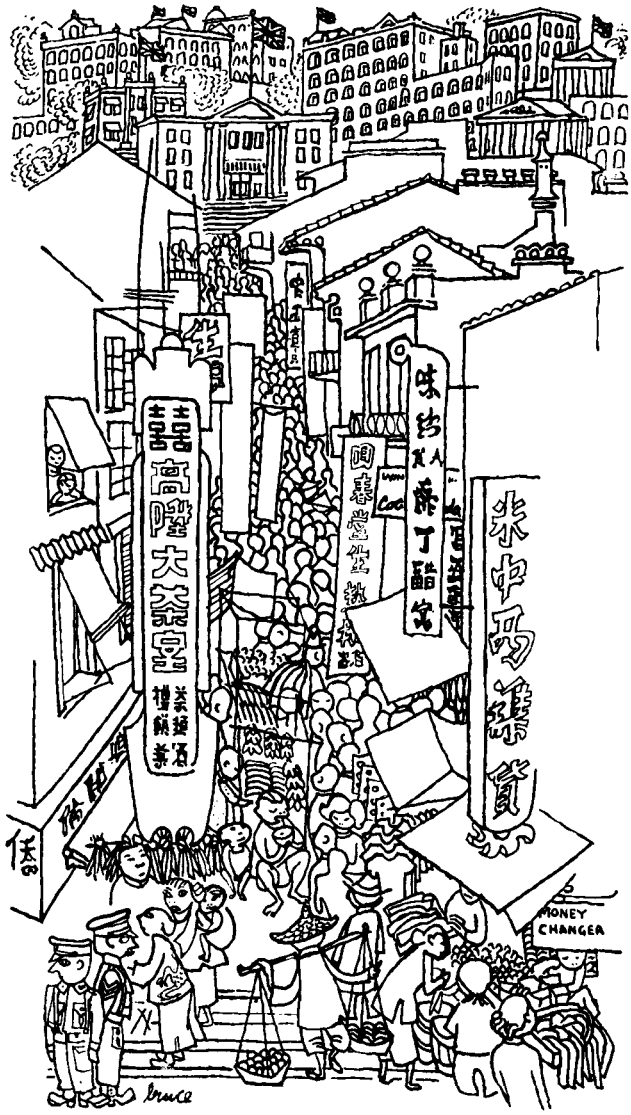

Hong Kong as it appears to artist Robert Bruce

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Wonderful way to feel!

You certainly can be on top of the world!

Why not? Your car is paid for and your house is halfway there. You're making pretty good money . . . the kids are healthy and happy . . . and your wife just bought a new outfit—shoes to chapeau!

You don't owe anybody a red cent. Not only that—you've got a little money salted away for the kids' education and your own retirement.

Wonderful way to feel, isn't it?

If this description doesn't fit you—*make it!* You can. Here's how:

Start saving right now! Just as much as you possibly can—*and regularly.*

One of the best ways . . . one of the safest, surest ways . . . is to buy U. S. Savings Bonds through the Automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work. Or, arrange to purchase Bonds regularly at your post office or bank.

U. S. Savings Bonds will bring you, in ten years, $4 for every $3. And you can count on that!

Start your plan today. It's the very wisest way to save!

Automatic Saving is Sure Saving — U.S. Savings Bonds

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